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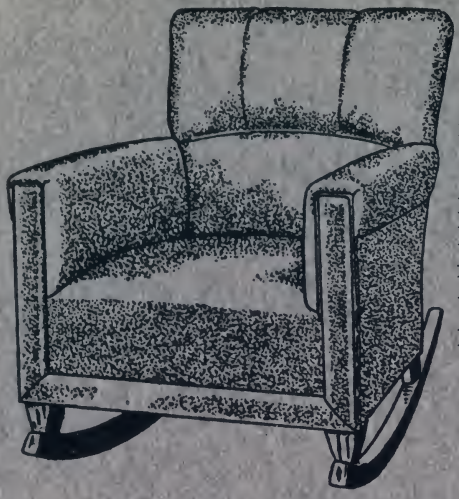

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A Christmas Carol

Saviour Divine, earth never needed more
Thy blessed Self to save the sorrowing poor!
Being benign, be born again, we pray,
In every humble heart this Christmas Day.

Lift up your heads, all ye who weary mourn,
Lift up your heads, all ye whose souls forlorn
Feel that on earth no lasting joys are found,
Drink, thirsty ones, where healing streams abound.

Christ Child, take pity on the souls of men,
Deign, gracious Lord, but to be born again,
By prayer, by faith, by sympathy, by love,
Revisit us with gifts from God above.

Angels, whose song delighted, long ago,
The watchful shepherds in the plain below,
Descend once more to cheer us on our way,
Let there be joy on earth this Christmas Day.

—F. L. Turnbull.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XLII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1917 No. 3

Some Recent Shakesperian Criticism

(Shakespeare et la superstition Shakespearienne par Georges Pellissier, Paris, 1914. Hamlet, an ideal Prince, by Alex. W. Crawford, Boston, 1916).

> Others abide our question. Thou art free,
> We ask and ask—. Thou smilest and art still,
> Outtopping knowledge.

THIS is hardly the posture of a critic; say rather of a reverent worshipper. And yet the words are those of a critic, the words of the prince of later Victorian critics, Matthew Arnold. In face of a writer like Shakespeare, "self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure," we feel that this posture is no unfitting one, a posture not unmeet for even the prince of critics, so long as he is writing a sonnet in praise of Shakespeare. For the bard from Stratford showed himself throughout his life so little covetous of poetic laurels, took so sound and sensible a view of what was desirable and for the good of an English citizen as regards the goods and houours that this world has to bestow, and followed literary excellence and poetic achievement so purely from love of that excellence and achievement that even the envious feel little inclined to envy him any praise, no matter how well deserved. It is only the pretender to knowledge, the man absolutely incapacitated by intellectual rottenness from any appreciation of literary form or charm that can be moved by envy of a genius so utterly opposed to his own to try to rob him of his works and the renown they bring him.

And yet one might ask the question: Has not this posture of reverence, however well deserved, been to far too great an extent

that of our nineteenth century critics? It was natural that in their revulsion from the artificial spirit of the eighteenth century, wafted by the winds of the Romantic movement our coryphaei should forget all imperfection in the overmastering charm of a poet so void of artifice or pretence,—should forget to ask what was the charm of the poets that had guided the previous century in its poetic flights, and how far they could profit from a union of that with the far greater beauty they found in Shakespeare. Was there nothing in the classics of ancient Greece or Rome, followed by that century as its models, however unskilfully? Had Homer or Sophocles nothing? Was there nothing in the mellow wisdom or the exquisite art of a Horace or a Virgil to guide our literary student? They had no doubt of this; they rightly felt what was highest and most exquisite in the literary achievement of Homer or Virgil was precisely that vivid expression of beauty in nature or in man that the art of the eighteenth century in its highest lustre tended most to obscure. What in Homer can gladden us more than his picture of the starry sky above the Trojan watchfires, when

> The immeasurable heavens
> Break open to the highest, and all the stars
> Shine.

What in Horace does the school boy recall with keener delight than the pleasant laughter of his Lalage, singing "through all the years that sever clear as o'er yon hawthorne hedge we heard her passing by"? and where shall we find such poetic gleam or charm in higher measure than in the poetry of the age of Elizabeth or of Victoria. These are the jewels that adorn the robes of the Elizabethan or Victorian muse; and they shine there with all the brightness that they show in the tresses of the muse of Homer or of Virgil. But they do not constitute the whole of these singing-robes, nor does all the brightness of the muse's tresses come from them. Our delight in them is largely the result of a revulsion from a time when the muse

> "Saw with dull emotion,—if she saw,
> The vision of the glory of the world."

then,—from a time when

> "The stars, unkenned by her, might set and rise;
> Unmarked by her, the roses bloom and fade."

We know by experience the effect of the swing of the pendulum, and may well expect a revulsion to the opposite extreme.

Perhaps we might turn for a moment to the criticism of

Shakespeare at the culmination of this period of artificial art, and see just what is found to admire and what to condemn in the art of the greatest poet we know. We know the verdict passed on the poet by the men of his time enamoured of classic models,—the eulogy of Ben Jonson,—Milton's praise of his 'wood-notes wild.' But after the biting frost of bigot zeal in Cromwell's day, a revulsion of brutish and obscene revelry came with the second Charles, —a revulsion that formed in the art of Racin all that was refined or admirable. Too slowly our English hearts freed themselves from its servility, its obscene filth, its sterile artificiality. A century later Theobald and Stevens were turning their acumen to the restoration of Shakespeare's text, Morgann was beginning the study of his characters with his essay on Falstaff, Samuel Johnson thought an edition of his plays a task well worth his pains. Perhaps no intellect of that time was sounder, or more acute, or more refined by the study of the best classical and French models than that of David Hume;—certainly none was in most things saner or more keenly critical. How many of us recall that striking chapter in his History where he describes the genius of Shakespeare? It begins: If Shakespeare be considered as a man, born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy; if represented as a poet, capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy;and it ends:And there may even remain a suspicion that we over-rate, if possible, the greatness of his genius; in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic, on account of their being disproportioned and misshapen. Over-rate? Listen to this sentence from the heart of the chapter: His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse, than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions, and which gives way only by intervals to the irradiations of genius. This is the extreme from which our Shakespearian criticism of the nineteenth century was a revulsion; and we may well expect that a counter revulsion will begin.

As indeed it has begun. Over ten years ago Tolstoy published an essay on Shakespeare giving a clear and honest statement of the effect produced by his dramatic art at its best on a mind trained in the school of the French Drama and purified by a study of the Gospels. I have to describe his essay from memory; to show how

lawless, how inchoate, how void of rhyme and reason was the art of Shakespeare, he selected his play of King Lear. In a carefully reasoned study of the structure of this play and of the morals of its characters he endeavored to convict admirers of Shapespeare of a crudeness of taste and a stolidity difficult to excuse. It was all done with an earnestness and a skill that was impossible to disregard and difficult to refute. But I had seen Lear on the stage and had felt the full sweep of the poet's magical power in this most stupendous of his dramas; and it was as well to argue with me that honey is not sweet or that thunder at its height has no power to thrill, as that Lear is not one of the greatest of our dramas.* It was not presented by one of the greatest of our actors; it was old Chas. Couldock, a careful and conscientious artist trained in the best traditions of the English stage, that played the king; but how colossal, how overwhelming was the final disaster of Lear as presented by him. And then one thinks of what was made of the play by the students of the French drama, of the happy ending devised for it by Nahum Tate. Shakespeare may violate all the rules, all the conventions that regulate dramatic art; but in doing so, he far transcends the grandest effects all other art, ancient or modern, has produced. And it seems well worth our while to ask whether the rules he disregards in attaining such success were really the rules that guided Aeschylus and Sophocles, or rules deduced from their art by some stolid criticaster.

But my memory of Tolstoy's essay has prepared me for further efforts along the same lines, and it was with a good deal of curiosity that I sent to Paris for Georges Pellissier's book which I now hold in my hands. I shall not be able to complete my perusal of it for this article, which I have to finish in haste; but a survey of the opening chapters gives me some idea of the character of his work. He begins, as I had expected, with the unities of Place and Time; it is only in the Tempest that they are observed. And it is perfectly clear that neither unity of place nor time could be observed in the History Play as composed for the Elizabethan stage. Nor did either audience or manager expect that; it was at utter variance with the Elizabethan idea of what constituted a historical drama. Pellissier finds that the action of Shakespeare's plays "has scarcely ever that consistency or coherence to which the fundamental laws of dramatic style should subject it." It is not merely in dramatic

* Here I am applying Tolstoy's own test: "The best art is that which best accomplishes its purpose of infecting others with the feelings the artist wishes to impart." Maude, Tolstoy and his Problems, p. 76.

style that I have met these "fundamental laws;" it is a favorite device of all dogmatic critics to hurl at you under this title their own prepossessions however narrow or absurd. He actually makes free to censure the *gaucherie* of Shakespeare, and but for his French courtesy he would say without hesitation of the maledictions Lear launches at Cordelia: "voilà qui est idiot." Emile Montégut finds much to praise in the dexterity with which Shakespeare has joined the three strands that form the thread of the narrative in Cymbeline; Pellissier will venture to assert that this skill is simply want of art. But I notice his use of the phrase *j'oserai,* 'I will venture.' He is no longer in the palmy days of Voltaire, when the French critic who deigned to mention Shakespeare did not hesitate to style him a drunken barbarian. The leading French critics of today, men of the eminence of Mézières and Montégut, praise the dramatic art of Shakespeare with all the warmth that we find in our English critics; and M. Pellissier's line of criticism is hardly the accepted style in Paris at present. Small wonder he hesitates to salute Shakespeare with thumb applied to nose and fingers tandem!

There is good reason for all this. Victor Hugo, the greatest French writer of last century,—victor in drama, victor in romance —opened his literary career with a book on Shakespeare, in which he extolled his art to the skies; and ever since in France it has been growing more and more the fashion to praise Shakespeare. No wonder that Hugo praised him; they were both creaters of characters that live and breathe, characters which, when you have met them, you never forget nor cease to admire. To Hugo we owe conceptions like Ruy Blas and Dona Ysabel, Javert and Gavroche. Even greater and rarer in a poet than the highest constructive skill is this creation touch which takes hold for a moment of a vagabond by the wayside, and endues him with a quality that wins for him our lasting memory and interest. Swinburne has noticed this in Dickens' treatment of the landlord's Jack. "It is but for a moment we meet him, but eternity is in that moment" and after briefly but duly instructing the landlord and his satellites in the ways of Custom 'Us, he passes out in disdain "to join Francis the drawer and Cob the water-bearer in an ever-blessed immortality." So in the only revival of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" in my day, while J. H. Barnes presented us with a touching Claudio, and Isabella was clothed with fresh charm and purity by Adelaide Neilson, the great success of the production was Couldock's presentation of

the drunken Barnardine. He appeared only in a single scene and for about five minutes, and with the greatest reluctance for even that short space. When Pompey entreats him to be so good as to rise and be put to death, he spurns the invitation with utter scorn. "Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy," and in answer to further reasoning, "I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion." And it is the glory of Shakespeare's plays that even in the earlier and less perfected, like "Measure for Measure," we find characters like Barnardine that appear but for a moment to impress themselves on our memory for ever. Surely to creative skill like this, if to anything in human art, we may apply Browning's words:

> But this is the finger of God, the touch of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them and lo! they are.

If M. Pellissier could frame for us one such character, we might listen with more patience to his "fundamental laws of the drama."

For great as is Shakespeare's mastery of theatrical art and conduct, *pace* David Hume, still more striking is the "inspiration with which he hits a striking peculiarity of sentiment adapted to a single character." But a patient study of his art soon shows us that it is no momentary effort, this "hitting," that he is rather creating characters in such completeness of detail, that volumes can be written,—have been by Gervinus, for example, in development of this creative skill for the Shakespeare student. The volumes already written on this subject would fill a library, but it is so far from exhausted that we rather seem only on the threshold of its adequate treatment. *Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem* should surely be our aim here, but an aim that has its risks. Ever since some fifty years ago Taine called our attention to the bright array of Shakespeare's heroines, our critics have been refining on his encomium, till at last we are in danger of seeing nothing but perfection in all of them. It seems to me that this tendency to clothe all varieties of female excellence in the rainbow hues of perfection is a peril constantly growing for us. We have not quite measured the influence of Edgar Allen Poe on the France of the later nineteenth century, since Baudelaire introduced him there, nor on ourselves at the present moment. Even so plain and strong a poet as Robert Burns, with the firm grip of his foot on the sod of his native towlands, has been transmuted in my hearing to some faery wind sweeping the western seas with magic breath.

> Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But the nectar that bestows this glory, this victory on Tam, has a fragrance not of Titania, but of Nanse Tinnock. And it is here that I think Prof. Crawford's criticism of Shakespearian characters is likely to help us most.

In his paper on "The Merchant of Venice" his endeavor is to recall to us the way in which the men of Shakespeare's time regarded the Jewish money-lender; how far may he be regarded as the hero of the play? We may agree with Prof. Crawford that Shylock is far from being an admirable character; and the view that his rôle is intended rather as an incident in the play than as the core of it seems favored by his disappearance at the end of the fourth act. Shakespeare probably had no intention of appearing as apologist for the Jews, but the force of his presentation of the typicbal Jew as compared with even Marlowe's Barabbas, the power Shylock evinces when brought face to face with Antonio, and his majesty even in defeat, make it clear that, whatever his intention, he has had the same fortune as Milton in his "Paradise Lost," and that the most distinguished character has here too usurped the hero's rôle, it may be in despite of the poet himself. *Magna veritas et prevalabit.* The fairness and power of Shakespeare's treatment of Shylock is such that what seemed to the eighteenth century "a keen arraignment of the character and practices of the Jewish race" seems to us to-day "a plea for the persecuted Jew and a condemnation of Christian prejudice and malice." Most of Shakespeare's characters show this mingling of good and evil characteristic of man, and another age tends to dwell on the darker elements in a character which are wholly overlooked by the indulgent idealism of our own time. Prof. Crawford calls our attention to this in the case of Cordelia; the contrast she offers when compared with her sisters and her tragic fate has led most of us to regard her as faultless. Here Prof. Crawford has done well to set beside the tender pity she shows her father in his adversity, the stubborn pride with which she faced him on his throne, and her refusal to descend to the honied flattery of her sisters.

Such was the power with which Shakespeare contrasted Cordelia with that execrable pair, that Anna Jameson finds her near perfection, and forgets all about the sinister episode in the first act that proves her her father's daughter, and enables us to understand and account for Cordelia's fate without denying Shakespeare all

claim to dramatic justice. Prof. Bradley thinks Desdemona, not Cordelia, the highest and loveliest of Shakespeare's heroines, moved to this by a yet keener and more touching tragedy. Here again Prof. Crawford, by recalling to us the Desdemona of the first act, shows us the element of retribution in this tragedy, and again indicates Shakespeare's poetic justice. Surely there can be little doubt that, if Shakespeare himself could be consulted, we should find that Juliet was his favorite among his heroines.

But to return to Shakespeare's skill in dramatic construction, not merely does he lack all sense of any need for unity of place or time, but, if we may believe M. Pellissier, he has little sense of the requirements of unity of action. Take, for example, his "Julius Caesar"; in the third act the dictator is murdered, the action proper to the play is ended, as Voltaire makes so clear in his drama on the subject. Why call the play "Julius Caesar?"—and if you call it "Brutus," you will not mend the matter; you merely make it plainer that the play has two heroes instead of one. Sophocles made the same mistake in his Ajax, though M. Pellissier seems to have forgotten this. Prof. Ridgeway thinks that it was because he wished to dwell on the importance of burial and its rites,—the germ out of which Greek tragedy developed.

But there is a far better and more potent reason for Shakespeare's mode of constructing his play. Anyone who follows the bloody welter of battles, sieges, fortunes, that flows from Caesar's murder down through Philippi to Actium will see,—I remember how clearly Domaszewski brings it out,—that, however fickle and wavering may be the aims of the Caesarian leaders, however disposed to postpone his noble plans to their lust and greed, there is one body that never wavers in its determination to avenge his death and realize his reforms, and that is Caesar's army. Shakespeare in the play presents to us the dictator in his decline; now and then flashes out a spark of the old fire that animated the greatest man that ever achieved imperial power; but the power that overthrew the Republic has passed from him, and it is the merest child's play for the flattery of Decius Brutus to lure him to his death. It is only over his corpse that the eloquence of Antony opens our eyes to the real greatness of his leader. The purer the patriotism and the loftier the aims of Brutus, the more clearly do we perceive the daemonic might of the spirit against which he struggles in vain. Confident of the honesty of his purpose, he forgets for a time the base ingratitude of the assassin's dagger; and it is only when the

shadows of defeat darken around him that he sees the real victor in the struggle.

> O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet
> Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails.

One might well wonder at the density of Pellissier, who fails wholly to see this; there is yet greater reason for wonder how it was that Shakespeare came to see so clearly the necessity for the world of realizing Caesar's reforms. I have just finished reading North's translation of Plutarch's Julius Caesar, of his Brutus and his Antony; but there is little there to account for Shakespeare's insight into the history of that distraught time. Lucan sees clearly, Plutarch knows that Caesar had been able to infuse his own courage into the hearts of his soldiers; one need only compare the army that trembled before Ariovistus and his Germans with the veterans that crushed Pompey at Pharsalia to see this; but much more is implied in Shakespeare's presentation. It is the spirit that bridged the gulf between the ancient and the modern world of politics, and the intelligence that enabled Shakespeare to catch sight of it here is, as Arnold rightly phrases it, something "outtopping knowledge."

But M. Pellissier feels the same lack of unity of action in Hamlet. Here in the first scene the Ghost appears to Bernardo, Marcellus and Horatio. They have no suspicion of his murder by Claudius, and explain this prodigy by the menacing preparations of Fortinbras. Now Fortinbras has nothing to do here; when he intervenes the play will be duly ended. Fortinbras has nothing to do here? That is not the view of the play taken by Prof. Crawford. It is quite true that any allusion to him here has no place in the sources of the drama, but is Shakespeare's own contribution to the story of Hamlet. But does that prove that it has nothing to do with the action of the play, as Shakespeare planned it? "When he added them himself they must certainly be considered as having a vital relation to the meaning of the play," and that M. Pellissier has utterly failed to see any such relation, may well lead us to suspect that such a relation does in truth exist. M. Pellissier shows such keen acumen in reaching his conclusions, and has such a happy knack in presenting them, that, no matter how reasonable they may seem at first sight, one feels bound to reject them in order to be safe. We all know the problem that Hamlet presents to the critic ever since Goethe set it forth in Wilhelm Meister.

How is the hesitation in Hamlet to be accounted for? Is it native irresolution, a tendency to procrastination, as Goethe thought? Hamlet shows no such tendency when he has to deal with Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, when he has to admonish his mother, when he has to settle the villain behind the arras. Is it the superiority of Hamlet's intellect to the superstition of his day that leads him to look for adequate corroboration of the revelations of the Ghost? His immediate execution of Claudius might well seem to the uninstructed spectator something very different from an exemplary vengeance for his father, might seem an assassination induced by ambition, and might at once divide the state into two bitterly contending factions, the greatest danger possible for the Danes in face of Fortinbras' contemplated invasion. That he should find in this additional reason to make it clear to every Dane that his execution of Claudius was no assassination but a well-merited and necessary execution, will hardly seem improbable to us at the present juncture when in our endeavor to present a united front to the most formidable foe civilization has ever had to face, we find ourselves embarrassed by such shameless exhibitions of unbridled greed and narrow bigotry. I think the old college may well be congratulated when we find one of its graduates making such important contributions to Shakespearian criticism as Prof. Crawford has done in this volume.

A. J. Bell.

Midnight Thought

My bed was radiant with a silver light
Which I in wonder took for frost, so white;
With upraised head the shining moon I spied,
With drooping head I thought of home and sighed.

This and the three following quaint little poems were translated from the Chinese by James and Doris Ding, of Foochow, China. Miss Ding is a well known student of our second year.

Poor Butterfly

Leslie H. Floyd, '16.

IT was in those bygone days when the frost was not upon the Voluntary System nor Conscription in the shock, so to speak, and when the coy French-Canadian warrior was still permitted to blush unseen, if not unheard, that Dick Hastings, age eighteen years, twenty-four hours, applied for enlistment. After certain blushful experiences he was given to understand that he was in excellent physical condition, and that he had three days in which to wind up his affairs.

The affair which he particularly wished to wind up was one between himself and Lettie Peters, and he had a feeling that the closer he could wind it, the better he would be pleased. Not that there was any engagement between them, or even an "understanding." Lettie had, however, in the last few months, left an impression that he was not altogether indifferent to her. Fortunately, he was unaware of upon how many young men Lettie had left that impression.

Consequently, it was at the Peters' front door that he rang first after his enlistment. Mrs. Peters answered the bell. There was about her that air of sticky dishevellment that bespeaks preserving time, and in these days the air of that house would infallibly have been concentrated into blocks as a war substitute for sugar. Seated upon an artistic, but excruciatingly knobby chair, Dick had sufficient time to observe these facts, and to be overawed by the splendours of the Peters' best parlour. Whatever might be the case in the kitchen, here Lettie plainly reigned alone. Upon a centre table an anæmic palm was giving up the struggle in a brass vase of surpassing brassiness. Across the door hung a beauteous, but disconcerting arrangement of woolly caterpillars, six feet long. Everything else that could be gilded was gilded, and the perfume of banana-oil rose up and competed successfully with a pot-pourri (chiefly pot) in the window.

He had got so far with the inventory, when Lettie herself entered. I shall not attempt to describe Lettie Peters. If I said that she was very, very pretty, I should do her no more than justice, and if I left out the "r" I might have been nearer the truth than

Dick would have been ready to admit. She apologized profusely for an alleged untidiness. A feminine observer might have noticed that her hands were suspiciously white and her face suspiciously cool; and might have even inferred that Lettie's part in the preserving program was to sit eating fruit and telling her mother not to forget to put in lots of sugar. To Dick, however, she looked charmingly housewifely.

The proceedings opened auspiciously enough. As long as a fellow confined himself to a statement of his feelings for her, and pitched it strong enough, Lettie was probably the easiest girl in the world to get along with. But when Dick mentioned his intention of enlisting the most extraordinary things began to happen. Lettie had no real objection to making him a glorious sacrifice to her country. Her experience seemed to show that there were lots more where he came from. But beneath a gay exterior she nursed a dark and deep ambition to be a VAMPIRE! A respectable vampire, you understand! The sort that flourishes so upon the screen, that plays innocently with the heart of men until they break; and the men go away and bleed to death, and make row enough about it to attract a pleasing envy from other maidens of vampirish leanings.

Having made an exhaustive study of the movie drama from her earliest youth, she was quite sure that she knew how to attain this end. It is perfectly simple. *You just find out what a man wants to do, and then you don't let him do it,* making use of hysteria as required. I am informed by persons of wide experience that this does not always work, but Lettie had no doubt whatever of its efficacy. Accordingly when Dick mentioned enlistment she began a series of evolutions of a Theda Baresque nature, tending to show that,

1. He was breaking her heart,
2. She would never speak to him again.
3. He was just too mean for anything,

and ending in an attitude on the sofa, and tears,—lots of 'em.

Unfortunately, Dick was not a movie hero. He didn't play up in the least. As Lettie said afterwards, he just sat like a bump on a log, and gawped at her. When it became apparent that she was really crying, he crossed the room, and make an awkward dab at her shoulder with his hand, giving vent, at the same time, to noises intended to be of a soothinng nature. The only result was that she sobbed more pitifully than ever; and told him that she hated him, and that he was to go away. And Dick, poor simpleton, went. I

don't profess to defend the action, I simply record it. He went, with scarcely a backward glance.

When he reached the front gate, he found his hat still in his hand; and, after staring at it, for a time, as though he had never seen it before, he put it on, and departed. He was far too much disturbed to see Lettie peering at him around the blind, amazed at this failure of all the authorities upon the incomprehensible quarry,—man.

There are disadvantages about not being a movie hero. Dick could not go down the street waving his arms and shaking his head, in the approved manner, because he had been brought up on an outworn convention that a man should act as though he is sane, whether he is nor not. He was not, however, any happier on that account. He was torn by emotions known only to a man, and to a man only when some one is crying. He felt like a brute. He felt like a fool. All his innocent pride in a patriotic sacrifice was gone, and, for the moment his patriotism came near to going with it. For some time, he tramped the streets, too heartsick to face the thought of going to the home where his mother was awaiting news of his enlistment. When he finally came upon a small theatre of a cheap movie-vaudeville kind, the idea of a quiet seat in a dark corner attracted him irresistibly. He slapped down his money at the wicket, pushed through the door; and, after an interval of total blindness, found himself stumbling along a row of feet, amid a chorus of low-toned remarks from which he gathered that he was extremely unpopular.

From the stage came a sound of music. A cheap little song was being sung by a cheap little voice, about a poor butterfly (genus unknown) that had been crossed in love, and fluttered away to its death. To Dick it seemed the dirge of all weak and broken things, strong enough to suffer, but not strong enough to wrestle with life. It made him think of Lettie's broken sobbing as he left her. The fact that Lettie broke rather easily, and sobbed over a vast number of things, when she wasn't giggling at them, didn't occur to him. Meanwhile the voice from the stage went on wailing about the poor butterfly. Ordinarily, it might have made him think of a suffering cat; but now a world of helpless pathos sang through it.

Presently, it wailed itself out; and, after an interval of applause, began adjuring a non-existent little glow worm to shine. Leaving the field of entomology, it began some idiotic thing about "khaki boys so brave, going across the wave." Dick stood this for a while, then he got up, and squeezed past the inevitable fat woman

in the next seat, and the bald-headed man next her, and the courting couple next him, adjured all the while to "sit down in front." Being, for reasons beyond his control, unable to sit down and walk, at the same time, he continued to make more haste and less speed, in an upright posture, until he fell out the door amid universal execration.

All the way home that ridiculous little butterfly kept flitting about him. What, after all, was Lettie but a butterfly, flitting about in beautiful happiness, on sunny days, but broken-winged in the slightest storm. Poor Butterfly! It is, perhaps, the best testimonial to his character that he felt no thrill of flattered vanity that she should think him worth grieving over. He had no thought of her that was not inspired by an almost unbearable pity. What had she to do with the grim things of life and death, war and tumult?

When he reached home he found his mother in the kitchen preparing the evening meal; and, balancing himself on the edge of the table, gave her an account of his military experiences. While he talked she went quietly on with her work. She was a tall woman, dark, with a thin, patient face, and a manner that a stranger might have thought rather cold. Before consenting to his enlistment, she had gone down into that sleepless hell that only mothers know; but now she discussed the matter with him as calmly as if it had no extraordinary interest for her. As a matter of fact, she lacked entirely what Lettie possessed in so eminent a degree, a sense of the moving picture values of events. She had never done anything merely for effect in her life, and her shy horror of sentimentality even surpassed her son's.

To Dick this matter-of-fact atmosphere was unspeakably grateful, and beneath its influence he began to lose his worried sense of being inexplicably in the wrong. Here was a world of sanity, a world where hysteria was not a virtue, nor crass selfishness treated as feminine charm. In some wonderful way, this woman knew his weaknesses, not to play upon, but to counteract them. She strengthened and helped him, without losing, for one instant, her claim upon his chivalry. So it was that they had probably never been closer to one another than in this quiet talk that never went deeper than the practical details of clothing, equipment, and so forth.

The talk was brought to a close by the entry of Mr. Hastings. He grinned cheerfully upon his offspring; and, upon being told the news, slammed him on the back with a right good will that came near to killing him. There are many, many jokes about the Kaiser,

and, during the ensuing meal, Mr. Hastings made a gallant attempt to tell them all, with sundry home-made additions discovered on the spur of the moment. Consequently, the others had plenty of time for their own thoughts. They knew, and he was quite aware of their knowledge, that he covered by this elaborate boisterousness much the same emotions as had been hidden by their attention to the material side of the matter.

When the meal was at an end, and Mr. Hastings had left the room to get a pipe from his coat pocket, mother and son sat in silence for a time . Then she reached across and laid a hand on his arm.

"Dick," she said, "have you told Lettie Peters yet?"

He swung round, and looked at her, amazed. It had never occurred to his innocence that she suspected his leanings in that direction, though he had known vaguely that she had no liking for the girl.

"Yes, mother," he said simply.

"What did she say?"

Dick was quite familiar with the saying about the man who kisses and tells, but here was a chance of getting some light thrown upon this dark feminine subject; and he finally told her all about it. His mother listened quietly, but with a queer look in her eyes.

"Do you think she cares for you?" she asked when he had finished.

"Does it look like it?"

Then Mrs. Hastings laughed outright.

"I think," she said oracularly, "that if you cared as much as you think you do, you would never have come away. Whether or no, back you go, my man, and set matters as straight as you know how, which are crooked enough apparently."

And the upshot of it was that he went. He had almost reached the Peters' house; when he made a dreadful discovery. All the way along he had been troubled by a sense of cheerfulness. He was too darned cheerful! Indeed he was positively happy. Then, in a flash, he realized why. He was happy because he had left Lettie when he did that afternoon. Appalled at the disloyalty of such a thought, he was standing calling down maledictions upon himself, when he received another shock, and that put the climax upon a remarkably busy day.

It was almost dark, by this time, and quite so where he stood under the shadow of a tree; but he could still see enough to make

out that two people were standing by Peters' front gate. One of them was evidently Lettie, the other he recognized, after a good deal of eye-strain, to be a promising young butterfly-hunter of his acquaintance. While he stared at them there came a familiar high-pitched giggle from the girl. The man took a step forward, bent over her, and———well, you know she really was very pretty; and certainly she made use of no jiu-jitsu tricks to prevent it.

Very, very quietly, Dick turned on his heel, very, very quietly he made off down the street. A block away, he paused, and glared fiercely at an unoffending telegraph post. Finding, apparently, that it did not weaken, he raised his right fist and smote it bitterly in the place where its solar plexus should have been. Then, as he nursed his bruised knuckles, he sighed deeply; but whether it was a sigh of pain, regret, or relief I am unable to state. My impression is that he did not know himself. A little later, as he tramped up his home street, his stride fell into a certain rythm; and he whistled, below his breath, but, on the whole, rather cheerfully, a ridiculous little song about a poor butterfly.

Seeking the Hermit

Beneath a pine I hailed a little lad;
"My master's gone to gather herbs," he said,
"And must be in this mountain dell,
But clouds are thick, so where I cannot tell."

A Soldier's Thought of Home on the 9th day of the 9th Moon

I fain would picnic on some mountain side;
But none send wine to make the hours to glide
Alas! my fond Chrysanthemums at home,
Near hostile camps, perhaps, are now in bloom.

"The Great Mother."

O where meet the streams from the earth's many fountains,
That part from each other with myriad aims, —
The Danube that springs from its far-distant mountains,
The Tiber, the Seine, the Rhine and the Thames—
Far from each other, independent and free,
Yet do not all of them flow to the sea?

Loud do their cataracts fling out their thunder,
Through the deep gorges that lead them along,
Hundreds of leagues divide them asunder,
Yet see how resistless their dark waters throng,
In whirl-pool and rapid, with agonised motion,
Until they find rest in the world's level ocean.

And from the world's frontiers came the world's races,
Diverse as their colors and languages run,
Life bade them stand with alien faces,
With wrongs to requite, till Death made them one:
How rugged the pathway that leads to the fold,
Where Death shepherds his erring ones in from Life's cold!

Their feuds all-forgotten, their hates all-forgiven,
Removed from the roar of the fire and flood,
Do they lie neath the fields whereon they have striven,
Sealed in eternal atonement of blood;
O God! if life springs from birth and its pains,
Canst thou not wrest from Death's losses, its gains?

Repose now their ashes in earth's tender keeping,
Dust unto dust, as the autumn leaves fall,
Peace, peace at last to tired eyes sleeping,
To Saxon, and Teuton, to Latin and Gaul;
Back to the great Mother,—thus it must be,
As their home-rivers all flow to the sea.

—E. J. Pratt.

The War to the Present: Problems of the Future

L. E. Horning.

Soon, very soon, we shall celebrate the fourth Christ-mass since the beginning of the Great War. It may now rightly be called the World-War, although there is nothing to show that it is the great Armageddon which shall come. That is due, according to some theorists, in 2100 A.D., when the population of the world has become so great that there cannot be enough food produced to feed the multitudes. A brief summary of how matters stand at the present time (November 24, 1917), may be of help to us all.

In the first place it is as well to look at the dark side. Serbia is still a name without a country, the Turks are meeting with some defeats but Turkey is still intact, as in 1913, and Greece is seldom mentioned, although King Constantine is an exile. The Allies in the Saloniki district are quiet, Bulgaria is hardly mentioned, but poor Roumania has largely suffered the fate of Belgium. Russia has collapsed, first because it was necessary that her Oriental-Western despotism be got rid of, so that democracy might gain a foothold. A great many liberal thinkers were very averse to the alliance of Russia and the western democracies at the beginning of the war, and they were right. But liberal sympathies can now be given to that great country, although any student of history must know that it will be a long, long time before the untrained, uneducated democracy of Russia can be expected to settle down to anything like stability and rapid forward march, in step with France or Britain along democratic pathways. But if Russia stays in the war, so that our foes must keep their armies intact on the Eastern front, and that food supplies may not cross the borders, then something will be done to help the cause of the Allies.

The ghastly surprise has been the sudden collapse of Italy, the extent of which it is at present impossible to estimate and the cause of which is not yet clear. But here again, if the Germans are forced to keep even the usual number of men on the Italian front, and are prevented from breaking through the Piave line, there can be no extra strengthening of the Western line in France.

As many experts have been claiming from the very beginning, it would seem as if the final decision must be made on the West. Above all it stands out very clearly that the struggle is now between Teutondom and Anglosaxondom, plus *la belle France,* between the democracy of Britain and the United States, at first unorganized and unmilitary, and autocracy or absolutism, well organized, military and united in aims.

There is a growing feeling that the submarine is being conquered by degrees but the splendid showing of two weeks ago may not for a while become the usual report. Of the rest of the Navy little is heard, but no one can have any doubts about the general effectiveness of the work of the English Jack Tars.

The air service of the Allies is becoming increasingly effective, and may be expected to grow still more so, as the United States gets more and more into the work.

But the war does not seem to be near the end. It is well, therefore, to look about us for signs of the times, for currents of opinion, for the dawning of the morning for which millions of hearts are sighing and longing, the heralds of the new world that so many say must come "after the war."

It is meet, right, and the bounden duty of all citizens of our native land to do some, or rather a good deal of thinking in these days. There is far more danger to the country from the citizens who do not or will not think, than from the man or woman who does, even if the thoughts are wild or erratic. If a new world is to arise after the war, if we stand even now on the threshold of a new era, as I would like to believe and do hope, then it is for us to do our part to usher in the new day. This we cannot do solely by crying out that our first business is to win the war. The end of the war would find us unprepared for the next step. It is absolutely necessary *now* to be reconstructing our life and our theories, so that we may be ready for the peace we all so much desire. We have done a lot of reconstruction already. Is the organization that has been forced upon us to last only for the term of the war? Is the greater production in which so many have engaged during the last summer to cease with the crack of the last gun? If it does, the world faces starvation at once. It is absolutely necessary to win the war, because if the Allies lose they will have to begin planning at once how Democracy shall recover lost ground. Win-the-War is quite correct as far as it goes, but it is not half the battle. Our greatest difficulties lie ahead of us, and for these we

must prepare here and now. We cannot put off till to-morrow to-day's most imperative duty.

Who are thinking of the future? In the first place *Labor*. The word "barrage" is finding its way into common use. The Old International Association of labor men called out an opposing barrage, so did the newer International and the Socialists and the Labor parties, and the latest barrages are against the I. W. W. in America, the Bolsheviki in Russia, and whatever the extreme wings of Labor may be called in various countries. The mighty warfare in which we are engaged is Democracy vs. Autocracy. If our slogan is right, then the common, ordinary man who is fighting our battles is entitled to his reward. If the reports from the battleground are correct, then it is "Tommy" and not the Crown Prince that is doing wonders. And after the revelations of the secret correspondence between Czar and Kaiser, it is well to decide between "Willy-Nicky" (i.e., the ways of Autocracy) and "Stockholm (i.e., Labor-democracy). "As for me and my house" the choice is soon made. We prefer to trust the unexplainable, the ever-cheery, the never-discouraged Tommy. He is the Labor representative. Therefore, we must get ready for the democracy of Labor. Years ago it was thought that there was coming a day when a general strike might make war impossible. Labor failed in the sudden crisis in 1914. But now there are signs that a solidarity of Labor is growing up in Europe, perhaps inclusive of America, that will really make war an anachronism. The Stockholm Conference is one of the evidences of such a development. Beware of barrages. The Lenine offer of peace from Russia is another, no matter how ill-timed we may think it to be. The New York Mayoralty election of November 6 last is another. Out of 642,445 votes cast, the best Mayor that New York has ever had obtained only 149,307. The common people refused to be stampeded by Mitchell's most foolish slogan of "Hylan, Hearst, and Hohenzollern" and by his downright abuse of his opponents. New York has given thousands of soldiers to the army, but it evidently mistrusted the man who tried to stigmatise all who thought differently from him as "traitors, pro-German" and the like. New York has work to do for itself, even in war-time. It matters not whether its choice of Hylan was wise or not. There were of course other factors entering into the result, but the main thing is that in New York too a revolution has taken place, and that the electors propose to look after matters at home as well as abroad. Britain is seething with Labor unrest, the Socialists of France have driven

Ribot from power, socialist propoganda is said to be at the back of the Italian reverse, though this is probably not the true explanation of the disaster. Even in Germany a cleavage is becoming very manifest, showing that public opinion is not all for the "sword-swallowers and fire-eaters." Labor in every country is a giant that had not, up to a short time ago, learned to know its strength, but the war is cannonading it into consciousness, and its day has about dawned. Therefore, we must strive to be prepared for the social, educational, economic and religious revolutions that must follow in the train of Labor in every land.

All signs are pointing to momentous changes in the position of Labor. These signs may seem to fail in the dry weather of war-time, but we must not be deceived. And if these changes come about, there is no field in which greater changes must be made to meet the new conditions than in the field of education. That the people of the old lands are awakening to this imperative change, *are thinking,* is shown very strongly by the movements in Britain. Mr. Fisher's Education Bill makes a wonderful advance in the direction of putting the whole nation on a new and vastly improved educational footing, and in no direction more than in the "continuation school" work. And money is to be spent freely. If the underground influences at work to cause the postponement of the bill should prevail, it will be too bad, but it means postponement only, and would hardly be fatal. If Mr. Fisher can give the mother-land a new and inspiring educational life and inspiration, then he will become one of the greatest patriots in Great Britain. It is being more and more evident that every citizen must be equipped for the battle of life. Without the intellectual training that true education gives how can the young be prepared, how can the older citizens be helped to keep abreast of the march of progress in all directions? Education is absolutely necessary for the workman in the future, for the millions of new voters who will cast their ballots in the future elections, more intelligently it is to be hoped than many have done in the past, and for *all* citizens, that a higher level of citizenship may be reached than has obtained up to the present.

This educational advance will entail much change. It will mean that our education will not be a backward-glancing scheme but a forward-looking one. It will mean that time will be accorded all workmen of all ranks, that they may with vigor and freshness attack all the problems before them. It will mean the coming

of the six-hour day to the city workman. It will mean the introduction of the hour-system in the country, on the farm. It will mean that education will be considered a process not closed, but only well begun with the end of the so-called school-age. It will mean the revision of all curricula, that the outworn be cast aside, that what is new may be tried. It will, of course, mean a great advance of science, but, if we make the unfortunate limitation that obsesses most English minds, then it will fall short of what is absolutely necessary. The science that deals only with material things is very necessary, very instructive, very educative. But there is now more than ever the need of emphasizing "man" in relation to education, to recognize that in each one, no matter where found, there are the gems of the divine, and that the man who comes dangerously near the military courtmartial may win the D.C.M. for deeds of daring in behalf of humanity.

There must also be a good deal of thinking done, it is being done, in the realm of theology. The old style two-class division of saint or sinner will have to be discarded. There are no saints, albeit there are many most excellent people in the world. There are no sinners, if by the term is meant persons without the possibility of improvement. Heredity, environment, breeding, culture, opportunity, inspiration, these mean so much to each and all of us that our narrow theological terms cannot express. Therefore it is high time to turn over a new leaf, and, accepting the well authenticated facts of humanity, remake our theology in the light they furnish, and, in this way, grip the millions that now are being lost to the churches and to genuine spiritual progress. Theology is very different from religion, which, as Mr. Britling says, "is the first thing and the last thing."

Reference has already been made to the advent of woman in the citizen area. No one can deny the spirit of self-sacrifice and whole-hearted devotion to duty that has inspired the women of the various belligerent countries, and many have shown wonderful business acumen. Women are thinking, and we all acknowledge willingly that they can think. It is all the more imperative, therefore, that in all our future plans the women be given their share of responsibility and influence, that in the questions of education and religion and labor and politics they be accepted or included in all our schemes. May we not hope that there will come to all social, economic and political discussions, because of the advent of woman, just that higher morality which now seems to be lacking?

In the field of international relations especially does this need of a higher morality make itself felt, and, if one is to judge from the discussion on all sides, there will be a strong demand made upon statesmen that morality and love of truth and justice shall receive a much greater stress than heretofore has been the case. In this field a good deal of thinking is being done.

Shall Patriotism pass? If by that is meant the old kind which in times of stress stigmatises the honest thinker of a different opinion as to methods of expediency or friendships as unpatriotic, pro-enemy and by various other epithets of a Billingsgate character, then such patriotism cannot too soon disappear. But if Patriotism means an intelligent understanding of all that makes for the best interests of one's country and a spirit of self-sacrifice in the effort to advance those interests, together with an acknowledgment that there may be honest difference of opinion as to ways and means, then patriotism will be a noble thing. There is a great deal of thinking being done as to the real nature of patriotism. Edith Cavell left a wonderful message on that.

Nationality, once a sentiment to be cultivated in the evolution of mankind, has latterly developed into something very like a curse and the passing of nationality—or its proper subordination to Internationalism or the interests of Humanity must soon come. All discussion of the League of Nations must be based on clear thoughts as to the relation of these two.

A soldier writing out his experiences in war utters a very significant warning "lest we fail to realize that the temper of modern Industrialism is the temper of German Imperialism, or to recognize in it the same belief in power as an end in itself. We must not overlook its coarse material standards, its workship of elaborate and soul-destroying organisation and its conception of the world of man as a self-contained and self-sufficient mechanism without any supernatural reference." What a picture of Industrialism! What think ye of Democracy, might well be asked today. Shall the world be made safe for or safe from this "cracy" which it might puzzle a good many of us to define?

Among the many problems to be dealt with in the future is that of the farmer. It would seem as if the old-fashioned farming of Ontario's earlier days must give way to one of two developments, either a greater increase in the number of small farms which a man or a boy may take care of or the uniting of several farms into one large farm where cheap foreign labor and machinery can be

utilized. All around Toronto one of these changes must come, because of conditions which prevailed before the war and have merely ben accentuated by it. In fact this condition is not local but general it would seem in a great many parts of Canada and the United States. The solution of the problem of food production is only to be made by the proper settlement of the farmer problem.

In North Dakota there has been a very interesting political growth in the non-partisan League of the farmers, the influence of which has spread to the Northwest provinces and will probably reach Ontario. If Labor combines with the Farmer organizations, then a new set of legislators may come to the fore. The farmer asks that he, not Big Business and the middleman, get his just profits,—the fruit of his honest labor. The farmer is thinking soberly, clearly and persistently and economic barrages and political camouflage will not hinder him coming to some definite and perhaps startling conclusions.

But I must close. If mankind is ever to make *real* progress in *true* civilization, it must be free to follow the nobler inspirations in life and must not be made or remain a slave of its own lower elements. This redemption from this slavery is the greatest problem of the future. To solve it there must be a great increase in moral power, a steadfast continuity of belief in high principles, a mutual loyalty, pledges must be kept both in form and in spirit, social goodwill must be deepened and strengthened, justice must be given and required, and all bad tempers must be shunned as evil things.

What form shall we Canadians give to the pledge of our citizenship? Shall we promise to study thoroughly, to weigh carefully, to judge justly, to give our best in service, to shun hatred, to be gentle and clean, loyal to the highest and purest principles of life and conduct, to walk humbly and reverently?

Some such pledge would greatly help us to meet our future problems.

Beginning of Summer While Away from Home

In April's glorious sky, when noon-day showers are o'er
Beyond my window clearer loom the Southern peaks,
Before the breeze the willow-catkins dance no more
But every sun-flower to the Sun now nods and speaks.

Evening Star

O star of evening, holy lamp of heaven,
Calm and serene throughout the circling years,
Look on me where I stand amid the shadows,
Child of vain hopes and subjected to fears;

Nay, look upon me not as one intruding,
Breaking into the quiet of the night,
Let me abide with thee within the temple,
Whose dome enshrines the countless orbs of light.

Lift me from out the place among the shadows,
To be with thee where worlds their courses keep,
Let me be partner in thy nightly vigils,
Watching above the place where empires sleep.

Let me be partner in thy meditations,
Freed now from earthly prejudice and fears;
Viewing with thee the motions of the planets,
Hearing with thee the music of the spheres.

Let me be clothed in thy effulgent brightness.
Let me be pure as thy unsullied rays,
Let me be calm with that sublime sereneness,
Thy maker gave thee in the ancient days.

That while within the world I keep my vigils,
Watching as thou dost in those larger spheres,
My light may be as pure as thine and changeless,
Calm and serene throughout the circling years.

—F. G. Weir, C.T.

Tact

S. E. Bush, '18.

POLITICIANS are born with it, financiers acquire it, and wives have it thrust upon them. For after all, what is tact but the knowledge of human nature, applied—in walking warily around explosive topics, rushing in to fill a gap, retiring with address, or advancing under cover of a smoke of incense? Tact is the culmination of the study of man.

It is tact which enables one to move through the world with the minimum amount of friction—and, perhaps, with the maximum amount of effort. For the tactful person carries the burden of the prejudices, the predilections, and the vulnerability of all his associates. And at the same time he must leap. For the genius of tact is agility. A kind heart comes lumbering along with a tribute, but tact makes a tribute superfluous. And self-esteem is dearer to man than the compassion of many. The essence of tact is finesse. It swoops, it burrows, it tacks, according to the medium through which it has to work. For tact is an elusive thing—if it is seen it isn't there. When a man lurks miserably on the outskirts of a conversation, a kind heart drags him in by the hair of his head, but tact would hold out a bone. When the manner jumps with the motive, and the motive is high, that is tact—when the motive is low, it is policy. For what is policy but egotized tact—a virtue, and its vice?

The commonest variety of tact is not far removed from the instinct of self-preservation. A weather-eye for a brewing storm—change of front, or an improvised shelter! Legitimate, perhaps, but smelling faintly of policy!

Tact in its highest development amounts to prescience.. It leaps ahead, as it were, to span a torrent, bridge a chasm, tunnel a passage, or ease the slope for the rumbling van of general contentment. A blunt man endures the jolt, but a tactful man relieves it. Tact at its best has become an acute form of sympathy. To feel a wrinkle is to smooth it out.

Bill

ONETY-NINE has lost one of the most popular members of their first year—W. A. D. Sutterby. He was liked by both men and women in general. And the Sophomores liked him, too, judging by the way they "Bobbed" him. But Bill enjoyed it all, with the inherent appreciation of true humor. He was a favorite from that day.

He was an old Hamilton Collegiate boy. He took Political Science and Modern History, and enlisted just before the examinations. He left Canada about the first of July, 1916, with a draft from the 67th Battery; remained some months as an instructor in England; and reached France in September, 1917, with a Machine Gun Section.

His letters were always brimful of fun. A few extracts from them will illustrate his outlook on life.

Upon becoming a Lance Corporal:

December 1, 1916.

"Well, to begin with, before I commence, I must thank you immensely for your congratulations. Apparently you hardly realize the importance of the position I am now holding. Ghastly error on your part! Let me explain: L-cpls. are the ginks who have one piece of braid sewn on their arms, I mean the sleeve of their coats, at right angles, and who parade around the streets with the air of a Major General. Another definition is the 'unhappy medium between a N.C.O. and a private.' Another interesting point to be added is the fact that the pay is a nickel a day more. Distinguished! why my word, the Colonel stands at attention every time I pass him."

March 5th, 1917.

I don't know whether I told you before where I visited in Ireland. . . . Starting from Euston station about 8.45 in the evening one finds oneself being whirled through space at the preponderous rate of "umpteen" miles per hour until after a very monotonous and tiresome journey the train pulls up about 3⅛-in. from the end of the dock at Holyhead. Of course, you shudder when you

see what might have happened, but then what's the odds. Before you have time to drink in the beauty of the scenery (3 a.m.) you have a searching examination performed. Passes are minutely examined, and if you possess anything like a Sinn Fein look you are 'napoohed,' or in other words out of luck. Fortunately my physiog did not answer the Sinn Fein description, and thinking I was Scotch, they caused me to separate myself from a half crown, nominally 60 cents, for the comforts derived from traveling second class. Nevertheless, Caesar having reached Dublin, thought it wise to get outside of some ham and several hen fruit. Being thus replenished I wended my way around Dublin, visiting among numerous places, Pheonix Park, Sackville Street, and viewing from afar Guiness' Brewery from whence comes the famous Guiness Stout. Killarney is about 190 miles south of Dublin. Here the great Bill found himself on the second day of his travels. Honestly, Killarney is worth seeing. The great author, Sutterby, has called it 'Beauty's Home,' and from what I could see of it I think he was fully justified in thus terming it.

Three days were spent revelling in the beauty of Nature, and on the eve of the third day, Dublin is again reached, from whence one travels northward to the fair and industrious city of Belfast. This city, I assure you, is also beautiful.

Many other towns were visited by the deputation, and after eight days of rejoicing, I returned to Shornecliffe to commence the monotonous task of instructing in physical jumps.

France, October 5, 1917.

I arrived in France mind and body intact (mentally excepted). . . The weather here is not very congenial. Old Mother Earth went on a souse, and hasn't been dry for a week. But we must manage to keep warm by means of our darling little stove. Are we lonesome? O no, we have thousands of visitors. They simply won't leave us. Keating's is no use. They grow fat on it. . . The other day I procured a bicycle and rode 10 miles to see Vaughan (Pearson). I found him sound asleep and tired out. But he woke up, and together we went to visit "Short" (Mason) and Perley (Banbury). "Short" is the greatest curio hunter you ever saw. Vaughan says that every time he sees him he's scratching into some dugout in search of war relics. And he has some good ones, too. He has a double lense German periscope for which he was offered 100 francs. It was certainly fine to be with the 1T9 men again. I hope they will return my visit soon."

Less than a month after the above letter was written Bill was reported "killed in action." About a year ago he received this little verse along with a pair of sox:

"When the shrapnel shraps above you,
And the bullets bull beneath,
And you glimpse, 'Our Willie' labelling
A tombstone and a wreath.
When you think you see your finish,
See the gate where stands St. Pete;
Here's a hope that you'll not suffer
From that malady, 'Cold Feet'!"

And everyone that knew him will be sure that when the time came, Bill did not "suffer from the malady, 'Cold Feet.'"

Our Soldier Sons

'Tis not by taking thought we win
The highest flight our faith may know
But when conviction deep within
Has freed the wing and bids us go.

'Tis when we touch the sun-lit height
Where soul is kindled into flame
There burns upon the inner sight
The glory that we cannot name.

Our soldier sons have shown us this
Their quickened ardour ran so high
It swept them to a point of bliss
For which they even dared to die.

For which, indeed, with eagerness
Surmounting all the pain and strife,
Against death's very doors they press
And crowd the antecourts of Life.

C.

Fragments from Japan

HANAYO SAKAMOTO.

"Yuki ya konkya
Arare ya konkoya
Oku no oba san
Issho tori mashita
Nisho tori mashita."

THIS is a popular ballad sung by the children in Okayame Province, where they see snow and hail only a few times in winter. So, whenever they see these welcome visitors, they

are excited with joy, and spread their aprons and gather snow or hail, singing this ballad. In English it means:

"Snow and hail
My country granny got
Three pints and four pints
Of snow and hail."

They love winter, they do not mind cold at all, they are called "the children of cold wind," and the adults are called "the sons

of fire'' because they love to be near the fire, like salamanders. If they saw the snowy winter in Canada, they would be delighted; they have seen skating only in movies, or heard of it at school. Last winter, when I first saw skating and heard band music, I felt as if I had been in a dream land, and you cannot imagine how I enjoyed skating myself. All my words must be funny, ridiculous to you; we have still some more strange (to you) customs and manners.

Our Sun-rise country is long from north to south, so in some parts it is as cold as here, but our provinces by the beautiful Inland Sea have a shorter winter, and it is warm in day time, though it is cold in the morning and night. Our houses are not heated; we use only braziers and quilted foot-warmers, and we should not wear gloves and shawls in the presence of our superiors; wearing these is impolite in Japanese etiquette. So, in visiting friends, as soon as we go into their houses, we take off our gloves and shawls. If we see our teachers or elderly friends on the street, we take off our shawls and bow. But, sometimes, when we see them unexpectedly, and have no time to do it, we only bow. Usually school children are not allowed to wear gloves and shawls unless their physical condition needs these protections against cold; they are brought up by Stoicism. Often boys do not wear any Japanese socks even in cold winter; they think they are very brave, not minding cold. These customs must seem very barbarous to the western people.

Most people in Japan now know what Christmas is; but it is only celebrated at churches in country districts. Of course, children love it. So the churches are crowded on this occasion, though they have only a very small congregation on ordinary Sundays. Christmas season is the busiest time, for the people, as they are preparing for New Year's Day. This is the grandest time of the year; houses are decorated with ropes, (which have tufts of straw), pine trees, oranges, green ferns. Sometimes red lobsters and seaweed are used for decoration; according to the districts customs differ, so does the decoration. For flower-decoration pine-trees, bamboo, plum-blossoms and adonises are used, the first two are the ever-greens; plums bloom in winter; we love their constancy and bravery, and they represent happiness, prosperity, and long life. An adonis is called ''*Fukujuso*'' in Japanese, though it is written with Chinese characters, ''*Fuku*'' means fortune, wealth; ''*ju*'' means life; ''*so*,'' grass.

The first three days of January are kept as holidays; people

visit their friends and exchange greetings; usually they are in their new or pretty clothes. They have special dinner, and special breakfast; we take boiled rice usually, but at New Year's season, especially at breakfast, we take rice cake (either baked or boiled) with soup which has some pieces of fish and vegetables. This special breakfast is the old custom handed down to us from our ancestors. At the end of the old year, we give presents to our friends and teachers (private teachers, not school teachers) and servants, and, sometimes, on New Year's Day, we give presents again which are called "Toshidama." These presents consist of two large pieces of rice cake and *Fukuzutsumi,* a parcel of happiness which has some beans and some small fish. Beans represent good health, because, in Japanese, bean is "*mame,*" and also good health, "*mame,*" so this is a play on words. This custom of sending "Toshidama" is now kept only in country districts. Boys fly kites or spin tops; girls play with balls or battledore and shuttlecock. The most elegant and popular game for all the people is playing one hundred poetry cards. Japanese poetry consists of thirty-one syllables which are divided into five lines, the first line has five syllables, the second line seven, the third five, the fourth seven, the fifth seven. The first three lines are the first stanza, and the fourth and the fifth lines are the second stanza. There are two hundred cards, one hundred of these have both stanzas, and the other one hundred have only the second stanza. The cards which have the second stanza are spread on the floor, and the reader takes the other cards which have both stanzas, and begins with reading the first stanza. Then we players look at the second stanza, and pick up the cards. If we memorize poems, we can pick up very quickly before the reader finishes the second stanza, or, when she started reading the first stanza. Many can play this game; usually the players are divided into two groups, and there are some rules in playing this. On a quiet, winter night to hear the poem read always impresses us that the peaceful New Year has come, though the voice may not be musical. In these one hundred poems there are many kinds of poems, love-songs, songs of nature, those of faithfulness to our country and emperors; there are many composed by the emperors and princes and princesses. All the poems were not selected at one period, some of them are very old, composed about twelve hundred years ago, so they cover many, many ages. If we play this game often, naturally we can memorize these poems. One of them which is still in my memory is:—

Amatsu kaze
Kumo no kayoiji•
Fuki toji yo
Otome no sugata.
Shibashi todomen.

This was composed more than one thousand years ago by a priest, Henjo, when he attended a special dancing party at the court. At this dancing party some court-ladies dressed up like angels, so they were very pretty. When dancing was over and they were going to leave the stage, he could not refrain from composing this poem, which means:—

"Blow the wind, and shut the way of cloud, and let the angels stay longer."

Japanese poems are very simple, but very suggestive; we have to imagine deeper meanings, then in our imagination we can see everything very vividly. Our custom is different from yours; usually the girls do not mingle with the boys when they play, except family and near relative groups; but, in this poetry card game, all the friends of sons and daughters are invited, and they play together; so all the people enjoy New Year's Day.

The first of January is one of the three great national holidays and in schools and public places (I mean the government offices and public and private institutions) they meet together and celebrate this happy, promising day. On this day, even the fretful children do not get cross or cry, because they are told that if they cried or got cross on the first of January they would act in this manner all through the year, and would be very unhappy. So, they behave well, and, with happy, smiling faces, they greet their family and friends, saying "*Omedeto,*" "A happy New Year to you!"

The second of January is the starting day of our study, or our business; this custom is still strictly observed in the country districts. The shops are opened, and, at home, school children write some poetry or letters which have the appropriate meaning for New Year's Day, and they present the papers to one of the household gods, the god of Years, *Toshi-gami-sama.* On the 14th, they make *tondo,* a triangle shaped cylinder with straw ropes used for decoration, and its top, which has a point, is decorated with pine-trees, bamboos, plum-blossoms, and those papers, and they carry this to the field near the stream, and all the children follow after it. Then, they burn it; they take some rice-cake on the sticks and toast it on that fire, as you toast marshmallows at a bonfire. The blazing fire in the winter sky is grand, and now the papers, the trace of

children's utmost efforts, have been changed into ashes. Are they disappointed with it? No, they are not; they look up into the sky, and clap their hands, and shriek: "O! my paper is high up there," some of them: "Mine is higher than yours," "Mine is the highest now; look, high way up there flying," with their joyful voices. They want to become better writers, and they think that the burnt paper flying high up indicates their progress in that year, and that they will do better work this year than last year. Most city children do not have this performance; they take the papers to their schools when the new term begins on the 8th of January, and then those papers are exhibited there.

In this way, New Year gives us aspiration and fresh feeling as well as joy, so we should keep Christmas and New Year in our hearts all through the year; this will lead us to an energetic, humane life, and deeds of kindness.

"These hearts were woven of human joys and cares
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth,
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs
And sunset and the colors of the earth.
They had seen movement and heart music; known
Slumber and waking; loved, gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended."
—*Rupert Brooke.*

THE poignancy of bereavement can be but inadequately expressed in words; the best tribute to the unreturning brave is the record of their own heroic achievement. The sentiment of this simple quatrain penned during the South African War is laid upon us:

"Bow your head, fair Canada,
Bow your head.
For your sons, fair Canada,
They are dead."

It is with bowed head that Victoria receives these last sad tidings of her sons who are no more,—the flower of her chivalry and pride of her breeding,—her soldiers "gaily dying for the White Christ on fields with shame sown deep." A stern and silent pride commingles with her grief; the magnitude of her loss is the measure of their glory.

FRED S. ALBRIGHT, B.A., '08.

Canada can ill afford to lose young men of the type of Fred Albright, whose death in France was announced this week. A rising barrister who gave promise of going far in his chosen calling, popular with a legion of friends and esteemed by the members of his profession, an energetic and zealous church worker, a loving and devoted husband, above all a good Canadian citizen, his death leaves a void that will truly be felt in this community. Fred Albright enlisted not because he loved war, not because the life of a soldier appealed to him, not because he did not have reasons aplenty for remaining at home; he enlisted purely out of a sense of duty, because he felt he was called to don the uniform and serve his country and his God. He answered the call and he has paid the price. By his life Fred Albright was an example to every young man in this city. And if his death and the manner of it should prove an inspiration to others to follow in the path he has trod, to place duty before ease, and country before self, it will not have been altogether in vain.—*Calgary Herald.*

ACTA's tribute to the memory of one of the foremost of her many distinguished editors who have gone before can add but little to these touching references.

To his wife in Calgary, nee Miss Evelyn Kelly, B.A., '11, his brother, C. R. Albright, B.A., '15, Vic. and the other members of his family at Beamsville, Ont., goes out the deep sympathy of his countless friends.

GEORGE R. WEBER, '16.

Formerly of ACTA's staff. After a successful trench raid on the night of twenty-second July last, Lieut. George Weber was reported missing; he is now numbered among the dead.

Going overseas as Captain 120th Bn., C.E.F., George had relinquished his rank to become a subaltern in the 116th Bn. at the front. Not least among his friends who will miss him are the men who served under his command.

THOMAS VINCENT SPARLING, '18.

When killed on October 30, Vincent Sparling was serving as Sergeant in the 52nd (heavy) Battery. Two brothers survive him in the service, Lt. R.R., of the 16th By., and Lt-Col. H. C., of the 4th Div., H.Q. Staff. He was formerly president of the class '18. His father, Rev. W. W. Sparling, Cobourg, was lately of Toronto.

C. F. PATTERSON, '18.

Spr., formerly Cpl. Patterson, of the 4th Div. Signallers, having reverted at his own request to proceed to the front, was killed 18th November at Passchendaele Ridge. His father is Rev. J. R. Patterson, of Simpson Ave. Methodist Church, city.

WILLIAM A. D. SUTTERBY, '19.

Gnr. Sutterby went overseas in a draft from the 67th By., transferring to the Machine Gun Depot in England. When killed he was driving a motor cycle machine gun, was shot in the eye by a German sniper, and died on the field.

RICHARD W. RYAN, '18.

Pte. Ryan went overseas with an O.T.C. draft, transferring, on arrival in England, to the R.F.C. He was with that unit as Flt. Sub. Lt. when killed.

REPORTED KILLED AS WE GO TO PRESS (NO DETAILS YET).

Private Hugh J. Watson, '17.
Spr. A. T. McFadden, '17.
Sgt. J. Reg. Adams (died of wounds).

OTHER CASUALTIES.

Perrett, Lieut.-Col., T.E., B.A., '91, Vic. Blinded by shrapnel.
Millyard, Lieut. R. de L., B.A., '15, Vic. Wounded 31-10-17.
Shrum, Gnr. G. M., '17. Wounded.
Seaman, Bomb. R. L., '16. Gassed.
Spence, Flt. Sub. Lt. A. G., B.A., '17. Wounded.
Creighton, Lt. J. H., '18. Wounded
Heywood, P.K., '17. Wounded.
Adams, J. Reg., B.A., '16. Fracteured right shoulder.

PROMOTIONS.

Armstrong, Gordon W., B.A., Vic., '13, M.D., Tor., '16. Captain, R.A.M.C. Awarded D.S.O. Captain Armstrong, M.O. 8th N. Staffordshire Regiment, B.E.F., has been twice wounded, the

last time at Messines, 7th June, 1917. He had seen service in Mesopotamia and India previous to this. He is a nephew of Miss N. Wilson, Secretary of Victoria College, and the fourth Vic. man to

CAPT. GORDON W. ARMSTRONG.

receive the Distinguished Service Order. At present he is on leave in Toronto, having left the trenches as late as 7th November and arriving here on the 20th.

Kerruish, T. Max., B.A., '15. Went overseas in draft of infantry officers; gazetted Lieut. R.F.C.

Johnston, Stanley R., B.A., '15. Formerly Private C.A.S.C. Gazetted Lieut. in reserve Infantry Bn.

Congdon, E. Pierce, '17. Formerly Orderly Room Sgt. No. 4 G.H. Gazetted Lieut. King's Royal Rifle Corps, B.E.F.

Dafoe, William A., '18. Sergeant No. 4 G.H. Appointed Surgeon Probationer, R.N.V.R. On leave in Canada at present.

Howard, George E. Formerly of O.T.C. Gazetted Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S.

Puffer, de W. S., '16. Formerly Private Base Hospital, Salonika. Promoted Staff-Sgt. On leave in Canada.

LETTERS.

From Flt. Sub-Lieut. A. L. Huether, R.N., Mooregate Hall, Finsbury Pav't., London, E.C., England.

This is Sunday, and the day we usually sit down to write letters. As I have had no mail for a while, my correspondence is in such a good condition that I feel I have time to write a few lines to you all. I know I promised to write when I left, and I have often thought of it, but never just sat down to do it.

Since leaving Toronto I have had the privilege of seeing a great deal of this world of ours which I one time thought would take me years to see, and now it has come with such a rush that it has been almost impossible for me to take it all in.

From the time I left Toronto till I landed in England was three weeks. Two were spent on the water and one in Halifax awaiting transportation. Our trip across was very pleasant, and we had all varieties of weather, but beyond that nothing exciting.

On reaching London we were given ten days leave in which to supply ourselves with uniform. I remained in London all the time, as my old college chum, Cliff. Lewis, was in a hospital there and just able to get out and around after an operation. We sure did enjoy our short visit together after a separation of two years.

I reported for duty on April 18th, and after ten days I was sent to a training school in France, about 150 miles south and a little west of Paris at a place called Vendome. I was in France just two months, May and June, and enjoyed them very much. I think I was very fortunate to have a chance of seeing France as soon as I did. The French are a very wonderful people. Considering all they have suffered and lost and the troubles they have had they are wonderfully cheerful. My one regret was that I had not had more instruction in French at old Vic., as I would have appreciated it very much. However, they showed much patience in the way they tried to understand what you wanted, and their hospitality was unbounded. One thing that I noticed more than anything else was their old-fashioned ways of farming and the old-fashioned machinery which they used. In the rural districts especially where we were they never seemed to be in the least bit of a hurry.

On coming back to England I was sent up to Lincolnshire to an air station called Cromwell near the town of Sleaford. Here we were for the month of July, and although we had to work pretty

hard, I enjoyed it very much. It was the first chance I had of seeing anything of England and English life, except London, since I came over. One thing which I noticed was the similarity between England and France in many ways. In fact I was very much surprised. The first two weeks in August I spent at a gunnery school in Lincolnshire, called Freiston, near the famous town of Boston, on the coast, or the Wash, as it is called at that point.

Since coming back from France I have had a couple of week-end leaves. I spent one with the boys at Folkestone and Shornecliffe, as the enclosed postcard will show, and I met several of the Vic. boys. The five on the postcard as you see are quite well, and so were the others I met. However since being there George Dundas has been wounded, having had a gas shell explode so close as to blind him. However there are great hopes of his recovery, so I understand. I suppose you know he is a Captain and M.C. in the Royal Field Artillery. I also understand my old class-mate, Nelles Buchanan, has been decorated. That is fine work. Since coming into this service I have rather lost track of most of the old Vic. crowd, as I do not get the news.

I had expected to be sent to France after my two weeks at Freiston, but instead I have been sent to a war flight on the south east part of England. We are in a fine part of the country and very close to both Ramsgate and Margate. We had only been here two days when we had our first sight of real war in the form of a Hun Raid, and it was something I will not forget for a long time, especially one Hun machine, which come down in flames. We were not allowed to go up as we were not able to fly the regular war machines, and ever since coming here the weather has been so bad we have had no chance to fly. However we will no doubt be ready quite soon enough.

I often think of you all, and now that September is here people begin to think about going back to college and starting in on the year's work. What are the prospects for the University this year? We also hear rumors of "Conscription," "Food Control," "Win-the-War Conventions," etc. How are all progressing?

Remember me kindly to all the friends at Victoria, and especially Miss Wilson and also Walter Bowles.

From Spr. H. M. Smith, Witley Camp:

A funny thing happened recently which is so typical of army procedure that I must tell you about it. It was after Church Par-

ade, and I was reading in the hut, when I noticed a general scatteration—every man seemed suddenly to remember business elsewhere. On searching for the cause whom should I see but the orderly corporal in search of fatigue men. He asked me for men, and as there was only one man left in the hut, to him went the work. A few minutes later all hands had returned and were discussing the incident hilariously, when the door opened quietly. A grand exodus, and when the last had gone I noticed the corporal. Of course there were no men to detail, so he had to go farther. By tactful treatment of the Orderly Room folk one can retain popularity with one's section.

This is some army! We act for the movies. Yes, it has come to that—Griffiths is filming some great battle scenes and our troops were given him for a few days. Unfortunately there were a few accidents, so all the casualties are not faked. In return we were given the *Birth of a Nation* for a week, and were able to see this famous film once again.

The Y.M.C.A. huts in camp are putting on some excellent concerts these days. For nothing one may hear a concert for which one would pay 6s. up in London. Last Saturday I heard one excellent *new* story at one of these concerts:——The count was saying farewell to his English teacher, and remarked:

"I fear I am cockroaching on your time."

"Oh, that should be encroaching, count."

"Oh, I see, but how could I know it was feminine?"

(Courtesy J. D. Bush).

From Sgt. J. Reg. Adams, B.A., '16, 8th Bn., C.E.F.

Though almost completely out of touch with Victoria for the past couple of years, I often wonder just what is doing there, and whose father is sending him or her to Victoria. I guess the "hers" just about run the place by now, with so few fellows left, and, of course, I must hasten to add, it is well run, I'm sure. I guess an ordinary "him" returning would feel like Bill and I did at that Athletic victory "Banquet" the girls held at Annesley. We were alone except for a few Professors, who were of no value as life-savers to our shivering souls. However, we survived, and I think that having survived such an experience, I am immune from shell shock.

Considering the numbers of fellows scattered through England and France I really have seen very few of them. I saw Norm. Clarke early in the summer. He wasn't looking too well—having

had concussion—but was still in France, though not on heavy duty. I bumped into Fred Taylor, though, and got a certain amount of news from him. He is now with the 116th, and is looking well. On leave in London I ran across Vaughan Pearson,—young "Red" of the football team—also "Red" Mackenzie, who had just that day finished his course to become Second Lieut. in the R. F. A. Also saw Duffy Slemin (since married) who came over with the 215th, and is now with the 125th. I didn't see Lorne Rehder or Doug. Hamilton. The 125th are still in England with the 5th Division, much to their disgust.

I got Duke Pearson's address and wrote him a little while back. He and Les. have taken out infantry commissions.

I never saw old Coley A. We kept writing each other, but never got close enough. I was a long while without a letter, but didn't think much of it. Then I ran into Lt. "Chip" Taylor, Chatham, 1st Bn., also, who, when I asked after Coley, told me only too truly. I think you saw enough of good old Coley to know how mighty near perfect he was, so you can understand how much I, who was with him constantly, miss him; and the rest of his numberless friends will feel the same. My brother hit the long, long trail last May, but I really felt it no worse than I do this loss. I can hardly hope to find a friend like him again.

Haven't seen Lloyd Seaman yet; seemingly can't meet. He came to the Bn. twice when I was away temporarily. We ought to meet soon.

My sister sent me a copy of the Y.M.C.A. magazine for August, 1917, containing a fine write-up of Jack Lumsden. It couldn't, however, say anything too good for that old scout, whose memory is as green as ever with us all.

I suppose you have heard of the death of my cousin, Charlie Sutcliffe, who went over as Major in the 77th, and transferred to the R.F.C. About a month ago I was looking over a "Daily Sketch" and ran across the picture of a grave, inscribed Lieut. F. G. Scott, 40th Battery. I sent it along to Wilf. Bowles, thinking he and his father would be interested. Fred's death must have been hard on his widowed mother.

I was wondering if you know———Next day: I had to leave off there yesterday and have forgotten who I was wondering if you know.

I suppose you occasionally see Major—or Colonel now, I be-

lieve, isn't it?—Col. Massey and his wife. I trust they are well. It will be an easy matter for him to be a Colonel after having held down that ticklish job of running Burwash Hall, and some of the wild North and Gate House bunch. Wouldn't there be a number of vacant places, though, in the event of a reunion?

I met a sergeant of the 4th C. M. R. who told me how Asa H. got his. He said he made an ideal officer. Am hoping to hear from Wilf Bowles in the not too distant future. I never really found out how badly he got it, though it must have been severe.

I trust the Chancellor and Prof. Langford are both in their usual good health, also Bonjour Monsieur de Champ. I find his training very useful, though you can as yet detect that I am not a Parisian. However, I can usually get what I want without pointing at it, so that is something.

Am feeling fine, and I guess that is all one needs to say in this country. If you can find time, I would certainly appreciate hearing from you again.

(Courtesy Miss N. Wilson.)

If you have a letter from Victoria men on service
don't be selfish with it.

OUR PACT WITH THE DEAD.

"We shall never sheathe the sword until . . . military domination is wholly and finally destroyed."—*Mr. Asquith.*

Before the flaming eye of History,
Our country stands, all honors laid aside
Save her deep scars, for these alone abide—
The mounds in Flanders, the nobility
That sleeps amid the slumbers of the sea,
The bruisèd heart of mother, orphan, bride,
The glory of heroic men who died
Or maimèd live,—broken for you and me!

The bright immortal hosts bend from afar
To whisper through the land in this great hour
Their consecration, fortitude and power,—
Their warning lest we miss the morning star!
Beseeching: "By the sacred blood we shed,
"Break not your solemn compact with the dead!"

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

To the Rendezvous

This letter from a Vic. man has just come to hand. It tells of the time last March when the Germans made their great retirement. These were strenuous days for the Cycle Corps.

AT last I have something interesting to talk about, and the time to say it. We have had real open fighting, the first instance, I believe, since the trenches broke up, in which cavalry in its two rôles and cyclists co-operated. So here goes to describe.

THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF OPEN WARFARE.

I am once more comfortably seated on our home-made mess sofa, warm, dry, and free from the fear of the shell. The gramaphone is playing Landon Ronald's *"Down in the Forest."* Its notes speak of peace and rest, of sighing breezes and budding trees. The contrast serves to throw everything of the past few days into startling relief,— days in which we knew the whole gamut of human feelings, anticipation, hope, disappointment, thirst, hunger, satiety, elation, fear, terror, and, finally, calm.

We left ——— at about six p.m. on Sunday. It was a fine evening, with a slight favoring breeze from the west. Each man, we were sixty men and three officers, carried his leather equipment with a hundred and twenty rounds, bayonet, entrenching tool and handle, water bottle, and, on his back, his haversack. On the rear carrier of his cycle was his pack, containing a *British warm,* a leather jerkin, and toilet articles. On the cycle were also the rifle, mess tin, and cape. The non-commissioned officers and officers carried extra or different articles such as revolvers, field glasses, wire cutters, map cases, message books, electric torches, compasses. Every man carried his box respirator and P. H. G. helmet. Tin helmets were worn by every man.

Two Lewis Gun teams were equipped slightly differently, owing to the weight of the guns and ammunition drums; and, owing to the muddy state of the roads, they rode in front. One subaltern, the sergeant-major, and an artificer rode in the rear to gather up the stragglers. We had two, owing to tire bursts, before we cleared the village, one of whom was my batman and the other a Lewis Gun corporal. This entailed the disappearance of my rear guard until about seven o'clock the following morning.

Cycling is a simple matter on a level road. Increased load, head wind, bumpy roads increase the difficulties. A half dried mud on the road catches up in the rim-brakes, renders the task of even pushing a bicycle almost impossible. Nearly half of the journey was through a stretch of country which for eight months had been ploughed and torn by shells or scarred by trenches and strong points. We made our trip on a fine evening, but there had been rain two days previously.

For the first three miles we were able to cycle fairly easily. We entered ——— wood just as dusk was changing into night. Huts are crowded into this place where once was nothing but gun positions. In one, a church service was in progress. The trees are long stemmed and tall, hence the sound traveled well. The men were singing that hymn

> Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
> Sing us sweet anthems of the songs above,
> Till morning's light shall end the night of weeping,
> And life-long shadows break in cloudless love,
> Angels of gladness, Angels of light,
> Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Little musical interludes of this kind always make an impression. The setting, or some incident, is nearly always indelibly marked in my memory. "A Farmer's Boy" always calls up the picture of a bright moonlight night when I peered out of my window to see who was marching by. Some marches always recall the day I watched the Canadians going back from the Somme. Others recall the days when we stood in Beauval and watched thousands pouring along the roads that led to Serre, Beaumont, Hannell, Thiepval, Ovillers, Fricourt and Niemetz. I might recall numbers of such.

We reached the road leading uphill to ———. This was about seven o'clock, and, from that point on, our expedition had few redeeming features. We were continually halting to pick up some straggler whose cycle had given way. By the time we reached ——— it was pitch dark. On the other side of it, we walked slap into what was once a road but was now a puddle ankle deep. We retraced, and turned down another road which made a detour of about a kilometre. The last time I used that road was September twenty-seventh, when I watched Thiepval change hands. It was an unfrequented spot at that time. To-night, it was a blaze of light from several motor cars.

Two kilometres further on I should have taken a bridge across

the Ancre. Had I done so we should have had great difficulties with the road. Instead, I missed it in the dark, and had much greater difficulties.

It was now nine o'clock, and we had made the great distance of five miles in three hours. In the next four hours, we covered three miles and a half. From one o'clock till five we did three miles. The last mile took about ten minutes, because we had reached the other side of trench warfare.

To resume, between ——— and ——— we were fortunate in obtaining eighteen tins of bully for sixty men and a handful of biscuits for each. It was fortunate we did so, otherwise I think we should have been unable to complete the journey. Just before arriving at this dump, we had our first distant glimpse of the new warfare. Due east, a huge flame blazed up into the sky for several minutes, during which the country was well revealed, and, being on a level stretch of road, we were able to cycle without trouble. I had stopped cycling for some time, as I had taken two tumbles myself, the first I had had since September, 1915, in England, and knew that if I couldn't keep on, the men certainly could not.

——— was awful. The roads varied from ankle to knee deep in water and often shell holes encroached to the centre of the wood. Fortunately, I met an artillery private, and he, knowing the path well, showed us the track through.

At the outlet of the village and near the goods station, on the old railway (Paris-Brussels), we took to the rail. Civilization, when it is wrecked, *is* a wreck. Piles of barbed wire, twisted rails, scattered sleepers, overturned and shattered rolling stock, shell holes and craters made this stage of the march a *Via Dolorosa*. This was the three miles that took four hours.

About every two hundred yards a halt was necessary to enable those in rear to close up. Twice it was necessary to put two men on the job of carrying each bicycle up the side of a crater. Now and again, a man would roll down a shell hole, and help would be required to unpin him. Mind you, a heavily loaded bicycle on top of a tired man is a hard thing to get rid of without assistance. The final and worst came at ——— where the bridge had been blown down upon the line. The cutting was twenty-five feet high, but, just as it was full daylight, we got the last cycle up the bank and out on to the road.

This village had seen only one day's front line fighting, but it was a terrible wreck. It was along this line that the withdrawal

became a retreat. Everything with a roof had been destroyed by fire or demolition. While the last of the men were getting up the bank, some of us were sitting upon a roof. The walls had blown outward and the roof had settled intact. One of my subalterns sitting beside me went bang off to sleep where he sat, without leaning against anything for support.

Once more the word "Stand To," "In Succession, Advance Mounted," and off we went, refreshed at the idea of being on a better road than we had seen for months.

The roads in rear of the old German position are in much better condition than those in a corresponding area behind our lines. This is largely due to the fact that they have depended upon light railways and tram lines, while we have relied upon animal and motor transport. Another thing that struck me was the absence of horse standings. Further still, the general tidiness of the country impressed me. This is no doubt due to the greater discipline and study of economy that is practised in the German army. Tommy, because he is English, Australian, or Canadian, is the most wasteful, untidy devil imaginable. Barring the deliberate destruction and fouling of the country preparatory to the retreat, there were very few signs of a long occupation.

We set off towards ——— at a good pace, but that was soon modified, first for a shell hole that nearly ditched the leading files, and then by a crater.

One method by which the enemy has seriously hindered our pursuit has been by road mines. These, when blown up, put a hole some twenty feet deep across the road. They are placed at all cross roads and at the entrances to all villages.

Arrived at ———, I left my men to have breakfast (bread and jam), and taking Roberts, and an orderly, went to Brigade headquarters for orders. These were waiting for me, and were to the effect that we were to rendezvous south of ——— at nine a.m. for a reconnaissance of ——— and ———.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Christmas This Year

We are going to celebrate Christmas this year in a more earnest and thoughtful spirit than we ever have before. Altogether, it will be a rather sad Christmas. How can it be otherwise? With death's harsh shadow over the world, and our cause at stake, with the future so uncertain, it is hard to feel enthusiasm for the old-time revels. Most of our hearts and thoughts will be across the sea this Christmas Day.

Still, there will be joy in our sorrow,—joy in the manhood of our race, joy in our sacrifice, joy that when we question in our hearts, like Omar Khayyam,

> "Asking, 'What Lamp hath Destiny to guide
> Her Children stumbling in the Dark,'"

the answer is not that infinitely sad and hopeless

> "A blind Understanding."

That would be heart-break indeed. No; it is vastly different:

> "Strong, with the strength of earth beneath their tread,
> Slow as the marching stars they gaze upon—
> Squadrons of living Men and living Dead—
> The legions of Democracy push on.

As one they come. 'And who in yonder van
Illumines all the path that men may see?'

. . . . . .

'I think he is a fellow working man—
A Carpenter, they say, from Galilee.' "

Out of the great hurtle of these sad days comes that great hope, —"the Christ that is to be,"—Christ being understood at last—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

. . . . . .

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

"Keep Steadfast"

Whatever we do this Christmas time and New Year, let us resolve a thousand times more than ever before to stand fast and united, to see this cause that we have undertaken to a triumphant conclusion. It is a just cause, and there is only one issue: we must win. A victory means a new era in international polity; a draw means simply defeat, the greatest defeat in the history of the world.

More than ever, pacifist sentiment and propaganda is rife. Some of it originates from irresponsible dreamers, some of it, we have reasonable cause to believe, from a widespread, insidious campaign of the enemy to lower our morale, and rob us of victory at the moment of our triumph.

The same tactics were employed in the American Civil War. Southern armies held their own till the last moment of the war.

For four years, the South maintained an imposing appearance before the world. In the North, there was discouragement and a growing clamour for compromise and for peace.

When we read the public utterances of German leaders and think seriously about their clever moves for peace, can we not see an analogy? Peace came suddenly in the American Civil War. There came a day when the South crumpled like a pyramid of cards. Economic pressure and national exhaustion will ultimately have the same effect in the German Empire of to-day.

"It is the finish which is the win or the lose of a race."—There never were truer words. Mme. Trochu, the half-sister of Napoleon III, once summed up the whole life of the second French Emperor in the keen, penetrating phrase, "It wanted granite." When the last gun of this war is fired, shall it be said of us that "we wanted granite," too?

This Christmas the words of Lloyd-George come with added meaning:

"Beware of people who are trying to sow dissension, distrust, suspicion, division.

"There is but one party, and that is the Nation.

"Keep steadfast, and we will win."

Where are the Executive Pictures?

"Oh, dem, dem, dem!" cried Mr. Mantalini in a suffocating voice, "Demmit!" But don't you say it,—not out loud, at any rate. We did the best we could. The finishing of class pictures cannot be accomplished by the waving of a wand; and, as it was, we should have had to delay the issuing of the Christmas Number till December 20. When the notice of the early closing came so unexpectedly, all our plans were suddenly changed. The Christmas number had to be out two days ahead of the regular time.. So here we are philosophically telling you to wait till January. You won't be disappointed then.

The Minnenwerfer

By Khan Tene.
Guaranteed Uncensored

"Bold enough to say what he thinks; brave enough to back up what he says." How many Roosevelts in Canada will declare themselves on the 17th of December. The enfranchised men and women of Victoria will help to secure or to shatter their country's fame that day.

* * * * *

Our exchanges intimate that many Universities in the States are inaugurating meatless and wheatless days. This column's untaught idea is that if storage plants were used as even squirrels use theirs, and if some of the stale bread were offered for sale, which is now fed to the bears at Riverdale Zoo, some Toronto meatlessness and wheatlessness might be circumvented. But we're no Food Controller.

* * * * *

A great deal of superheated rhetoric is in circulation these days relative to the abolition of the German language as a subject of school and University curricula in Canada. This column makes no protest at such rational self-denial, even including the foregoing of all German literary and musical masterpieces, provided some patriot does not discover it high treason to eat sausage and wear spectacles.

* * * * *

Noblesse oblige! The modesty of the Scientific and Missionary Editors is worthy of a Cowper. Nevertheless, Thoreau's mouse trap makers in the woods have few emulators to-day,—the world won't look for the path.

* * * * *

In days of old, when nights were cold, the hospitable common room of Burwash Hall had many attractions, not the least being its excellent library. All in favor of again obtaining access to these books? The 'ayes' have it.

* * * * *

Isn't the Victoria Book Bureau gradually tranforming itself into one of the beautiful pictures than hang on Memory's Wall? Pictures may be art, but then art is long and time is fleeting.

Personals and Exchanges

It seems to be a well recognized fact that appeals are only made for appearance and are not to be responded to on any consideration. However, we are not discouraged, and we appeal to you again, in the name of all that's friendly, to help us with this page. You'll be far more interested,—and so will we. Surely you know something about someone who is or has been connected with Victoria which others do not know and which will be of interest to them. Two people did send in items voluntarily this month, and several others contributed very kindly and very considerably when asked. These we thank from the very bottom of our editorial hearts.

We are fond of keeping our information under years.

1T3.

Alta Sind Cook, with whose name at least most of us are acquainted on account of her music, is teaching in Riverdale Collegiate Institute.

Viola Whitney is teaching in the High School at St. Mary's, and, we are told, is exceedingly well liked.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buchanan, both of '13, have a young son, who arrived August 15, 1917.

1T4.

At the home of the bride's parents, the marriage of Miss Muriel D. MacDonald, B.A., '14, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen MacDonald, of Bloomfield, Ont., and Mr. Rolfe Lester Seaborne, B.A., Sc., son of the late Rev. W. B. Seaborne and Mrs. Seaborne, of Toronto, was solemnized. Miss MacDonald—pardon us, Mrs. Seaborne, was mistress of the "Annex," so she is well known and better liked. We feel that there are very many indeed around the college who join with us in wishing her all happiness in her new home in Quebec.

A list of twenty-five men which '14 has given with their whereabouts as far as is known, has just been compiled.

L. S. Albright is in Y.M.C.A. work in Mesopotamia.

J. B. Allen, of the 58th Batt'n., is at home.

E. D. Beynon is in the 198th Bn.

J. E. Brett is in the 68th Depot Battery, C.F.A.

H. S. Brewster has been killed in action.

J. G. Burns is Captain in 30th Battery, C.F.A.

A. W. Burt is Lieut. in C.A.S.C., Amherst, N.S.

G. W. Crow has been killed in action.

H. D. Howell is Lieut. in C.S.C., Manhead Camp, Eng.

G. D. Jeffs is doctor on Hospital Ship "Araguaya."

W. R. McCamus is in 1st Res. Div. Am. Col.

F. J. T. Maines is at Army Y.M.C.A. Headquarters.

F. W. MacDowell, Major, is at home.

J. A. R. Mason is in the 58th Howitzer Battery.

J. C. Millian is in England.

J. S. Reid is Captain in 25th Bn., South Staffordshire Regiment.

G. D. L. Rice is at his home in St. Mary's.

H. G. Robertson is in the 5th Div. Sig. Co.

G. L. Rodd is in the 82nd Howitzer Battery.

R. S. Rodd is staff-sergeant, C.A. M.C., Halifax.

C. M. Smyth is in the No. 2 Stationary Hospital, Boulogne.

R. P. Stafford—

W. E. Staples is with the Canadian Engineers.

C. E. Willows is at home.

C. B. Wood is in the O. T. C.

1T5.

Ethel Robertson is in charge of one of the city Y.W.C.A.'s in Montreal.

Edith Patrick is woman's dean in the Manitoba Agricultural College.

Gladys Chantler is teaching at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Eleanor Davis is teaching in the Collegiate in Napanee.

Amy Newton is teaching in the High School in Tweed.

Ida Pickering is doing actuarial work in the city.

The following members of '15 are pursuing Practical Household Science and Home Economies: Ethel Schofield, Bea Wesley, Mary Dafoe, Elsie Goulding, Ethel Culvert.

N.B.—It is hardly necessary to note that in this employment they are all working under "nom de mariage."

1T7.

Edna Ash has recently taken a school near McLeod.

Lolo Smith is dietitian at the Victoria College Women's Union, where she is being very successful—judging from what the girls say.

Ethelyn Greenway, finding Faculty "intolerable," has sought refuge in the cataloguing department in the Reference Library.

Kathleen Appleby also found Faculty too strenuous, and is now at home.

2T0.

Helen Ross is teaching public school at Limehouse, not far from her home in Georgetown.

Marie Thornton will not be able to complete her year, owing to a very severe operation on her knee, which will necessitate several months of absolute rest. She is in a private ward at the General Hospital, and will be there at least until Christmas. We are very sorry, indeed, that Marie will not be back this year. She will certainly be missed.

Rev. J. M. Singleton, B.A., who graduated in arts from Kingston, and came to Victoria for his theology, is preaching on a western field. Before taking this step he decided to add an efficient member to his staff. The happy event took place during the summer. We are sorry to have mislaid some of the details, but have no doubt that one who possessed such wisdom, as evidenced above, would be entirely competent to choose wisely and well. Best wishes to both.

The following Victoria students and graduates, viz.:—L. S. Albright, B.A., J. R. Trompour, C. T., H. Stainton, B.A., D. H. Porter, B.A., S. R. Felker, '19, Fred Smith, C.T., and B. LeGros, B.A., went overseas during the summer in the interests of the Y.M.C.A. They left about the end of June, and after traveling across the continent and the Pacific Ocean, arrived safely at their destination in India and Mesopotamia.

Snapshots of the group taken on board ship and in a city street in China have since come to hand. Victoria wishes them success in their distant fields of labor.

Cephas D. Allin, '98, now Professor in the University of Minnesota, has been "requisitioned" by the Federal Government of the United States for service in a special Board of Consultation at Washington, in connection with the war.

There are not many men who live to see the sixty-first anniversary of graduation from college as did the late Dr. Carman, '55. He was a "prince and a great man."

Professor A. P. Coleman, '76, the indefatigable traveler and Alpinist, changed his summer program this year from Labrador to Brazil, and is in the usual great demand in Toronto to tell of his travels .

J. G. Douse, '75, has four boys at the front.

George Ferris, '90, was in the city lately renewing some of the friendships of earlier days. He was seen telling what seemed like a good (!) story in front of the Public Library to George H. Locke, '93, the Chief Librarian.

H. F. Gardiner, '69, has resigned from the position of Principal of the School for the Blind, and will devote his time to literature. He has always been prominent in the Ontario Historical Association, and is interested in local history.

D. J. Goggin, M.A., '91, is now Librarian of the Education Department, and Historiographer. This latter title has a formidable look and worse sound, but the Doctor assures us the burden is not commensurate with these qualities.

C. W. Kerr, '87, is very much in the public eye during these troublous days in politics. He is President of the Reform Association in Toronto, and strongly supporting the Laurier division of the party.

Some one from Sault Ste. Marie says that J.L. O'Flyn, '97 (Jack) and Dr. A. A. Shepard, '94, are two of the most popular public men in that district. That is easy to believe.

J. Fred Ray, '93, was down for the Theological Convention. He says his was *the* glorious class—but then that is a common complaint.

J. H. Riddell, '90, is now Principal of Wesley College in Winnipeg. That does not look like a bed of roses if we may judge from what the Board did to Alex. J. Irwin, of Principal Riddell's own class of '90, and to Professor Bland. Our authority—on this point only—is our down town contemporary, *The Christian Guardian.*

Edith Kerr, '91, now Mrs. Macdonald, of Edmonton, has been taking a hand in politics. She not only inherits it from her father, the late Vice Chancellor—of the same class as the late Dr. Carman,—but from the environment of her brothers, specially Charlie, of '87, and Frank, of '92.

The pleasures of being an editor are greatly enhanced when someone else does the work—and does it much better than he could, while he sits back and enjoys the credit attached thereto. However, in this case, since it is considered a mark of genius to get your work done without doing it yourself, the editor can afford to place the credit where it belongs, and inform the readers of the two previous issues of ACTA that they have to thank Miss D. Smith, '18, for the appearance of Personals while the "pre-

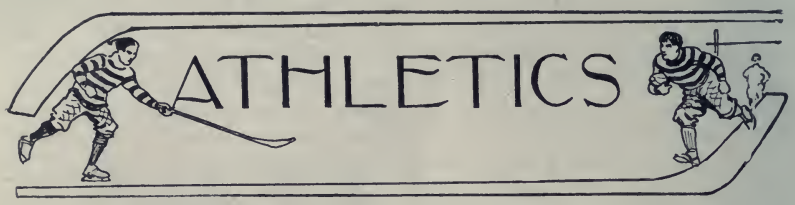
scribed" editor was absent without leave.

Because of the risk of leaving himself out altogether, he would rather not say just how many of the items in the present number are due to the same source—they will doubtless be quite apparent, but he has come to the conclusion that the managing of this department is strictly a "two-man" job; hence for the next few issues please hand in your copy to Miss Smith or "ourself."

WEDDINGS.

KIRBY-BURNS.—A very quiet wedding took place on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, 21 Simpson Ave., when Olive Evelyn, youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. Robert and Mrs. Burns, was united in marriage to Lance-Corp. Luther H. Kirby, B.A.

HIE-FILKIN.— A very quiet wedding took place in Orillia Methodist Church, Wednesday, August 22nd, when Lilla Genevra, eldest daughter of William Filkin, of Langford, became the wife of Rev. A. C. Hie, B.A., of Dunsford, Ont., Rev. F. E. Malott, officiating. They will reside at the parsonage, Dunsford, Ont.



TENNIS.

Do the girls realize that Victoria has the Tennis Championship? Although she has been so nearly victorious several times it is a number of years since the cup has been in Annesley Hall.

After two weeks of waiting for the weather to clear, the tournament was finally played on Monday and Tuesday, November the 5th and 6th, at the Toronto Courts. All three teams played up splendidly, and there were some very good games. There were only 4 points played the first day, and of these Vic. won her share. The next day the score mounted very high in favor of Vic. and several games were played even after the result was sure. The final score was: University College 2, St. Hilda's 5, Vic. 11. The enthusiastic rooters who cheerfully stood and froze for the cause certainly helped the players, and they deserve much credit for the part they played.

The line-up was:—Marjorie Myers '19, Agnes Jenner '19; Dora Smith '18, Beatrice Flanders '18, Smith '19, Muriel Hewson '21.

BASKETBALL.

The basketball games are well under way now. The weeks of energetic practice have certainly counted and with continual reminders from the Captain and Coach there is not likely to be much "let up."

Out of three matches so far Vic. has won the two in which she played, the first against University College on November 13th with a score of 37-14. The next on November 27th against St. Hilda's with a score

of 24-16. Both games were in the gymnasium of the Household Science building, and were fast and furious, causing much excitement to both players and onlookers. The rooters, crowded into every nick and cranny, on the balcony, and on every available piece of apparatus, certainly fulfilled their mission, and the building echoed and re-echoed with yells and cheers.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season is drawing near, very near, and on every side the greatest excitement is shown. After the first promise of winter and the earliest sign of a hockey cushion on the campus, there immediately began the resurrecting of sweaters and caps from the deepest depths of stored-away trunks, and the careful overhauling of skates and hockey-sticks.

If you are a girl at Victoria one of two things is certain, either you you are a hockey enthusiast or you are not. If you are everything is alright; if you are not one of two things is certain, either you play hockey or you don't. If you play it, everything is alright; if you don't, one of two things is certain, either you don't want to play or you don't know how to play. If you don't want to play come out and ROOT and everything will be alright; if you don't know how to play there will be plenty of opportunity to learn this winter at "Little Vic. Rink." If you come out faithfully and play your hardest one of two things is certain, either we get the championship or we don't. If we get it of course everything is alright; if we don't—well! In either case every one do your bit ! !

MEN'S ATHLETICS.

The outlook was rather blue for athletics when the term opened, and "Field Day" had to be cancelled, because of the lack of interest and the few entries for the various events. However, after much persuading, fourteen men, "fresh" and otherwise, appeared on the campus under the captaincy of Frid, '18, and practices were commenced for rugby and soccer. Both teams were entered for their respective competitions, but the rugby team was defeated by O.T.C. and W.C. in their group in the "Mulock Cup" series. The soccer team was more successful defeating F.O.E. and S.G.S., and winning group honors, and thus entering the finals.

RUGBY.

Trinity 9, Vic. 7.

This was Vic's first rugby game of the season. It was more disastrous to Vic. than the score would indicate. Some of the stalwart fourteen were injured, and, as there were no more regulars on hand, substitutes of any kind were much in demand for the two scheduled games in the Mulock Series.

Of course, this was the most exciting game of the three played, since Vic. had a chance of winning. Trinity secured an early lead, which was enough for them to be victors. In the second half, Vic. greatly improved, and frequently within the last quarter was within scoring distance, but the unfortunate breaks came, and success eluded our grasp.

O.T.C. v. Vic.

We have forgotten the actual score of this game, but not the strenuous, last minute effort to get a sufficient

number of men together to say we had a team on the field. Our half line was a minus quantity. Luke was limping with a swollen foot, Frid was an invalid, and Gordon was an absentee until half time. Nevertheless, the thin, patched line courageously faced the foe—the soldiers of the training company. The account of the game is short and bitter. The bombardment of the soldiers was so intense that the casualty list the next morning was very heavy. "Cheer up, boys, we gave

U. C. v. Victoria.

This game was played at the "Stadium" on November 20th, and resulted in an easy victory for U.C. U. C. was not long in scoring a touch down, but failed to convert. After a series of bucks and some good runs by the halves, U. C. scored another touch down. Towards the end of the quarter, "Vic." came to life, secured a touch down and converted. The quarter ended with the score 10-6 in favor of U. C.

In the next quarter U. C. bucked for another touch. A kick behind the line followed. Score for the first half 16-6.

The last half was all in U. C.'s favor, and four touches were made, none of which were converted. This completed the scoring, and the game ended in semi-darkness, with the final score: U. C. 36; "Vic." 6.

SOCCER.

F. O. E. v. Victoria.

The above teams met on "Vic." campus on November 15, in the opening game, and "Vic." won by 2 goals to 0.

The first half opened with "Vic." on the offensive. The Faculty defence men soon found themselves busy. After a short while, MacGowan scored on a pass from the wing, and, soon afterwards, the same player repeated. The half ended with "Vic." ahead, 2-0.

In the second half, the play became more interesting, but neither team was able to score. The game ended with "Vic." winners by 2 goals to 0.

S. P. S. v. Victoria.

This game was played on the front campus, November 23, on ground that was hard and slippery, and not conducive to good soccer. "Vic." was once more victorious, defeating S. P. S. by 3 goals to 0.

"Vic." lost the toss, and kicked off against the wind, but were very soon on the offensive, and pressing the "School" defense. Aften ten minutes of play and slipping, Lang found the net with a fast shot, and the half ended in favor of "Vic." 1-0.

With the wind behind them, "Vic." continued to force the play, and the ball for the most part was kept on the "School" half of the field. After five minutes play, MacGowan found the net for the second score, and, shortly after, Lang repeated. The game ended—Vic. 3, S. P. S. 0.

STUNT NIGHT.

On November 15, 1917, the Victoria Women's Literary Society perpetrated another historic stunt night. The parliamentary business of the evening was composed of a Bill of Censure of the Government Whip for having disobeyed the Chancellor's orders regarding the use of the Burwash Hall archway between Charles Street and the college grounds. Then came the stunts. The freshies led off with a remarkably clever Passing Show, containing a chorus that would have delighted any "Front-row baldy," a charming heroine, a masterful khaki hero, a treacherous German spy, and a despicable villain. Next the Seniors depicted some scenes that were sort of a cross between a morality play and a "fablieau." The spirit of 1T8 wandered about in search of the owl, the bird of wisdom. In vain she asked undergraduates, professors, factory girls, judges, and society women where it might be found; but her search was rewarded when she met Old Age.

1T9 gave a short scene entitled "Supplementing the Comic Supplement," being a sorry tale of how Happy Hooligan made a mistake in the house, and serenaded Rosie instead of Suzanne, and how poor Archie thought life was blighted, until, with the aid of Cedric and Dolly Dimples, the tangle was straightened out.

The Sophettes brought the evening to a close with a demonstration of how Moving Pictures are made. The first two pictures were "Educational Movies" of the Annex Orchestra and a basketball game between the Upper Tens of Boston and Chicago. The last picture was a thrilling drama laid in Queen's Park. The leading characters were Mary Pitchfork and Francis Bushwhacker, with Poland Bottomley as villain. But the villain was foiled in the end, and the hero and heroine were re-united in each other's arms, which meant that the audience went home with a nice taste in its mouth.

Saturday evening, November 10, 1917, the girls of '19 were entertained by the Household Science girls of their year. During the course of the evening, each guest was required to write an Ode to Household Science. Here are a couple of the most interesting:

"To those in the Household Science
Course
I write this ode without remorse.
Poetry is not inspired by force,
But hum-drum prose is so much
worse.
Feed us well,—
On that I dwell;
For when one's hungry he feels like
—well
Bacon may be very high
And flour not all wheat but rye.

Even the tavern has gone dry.
Household Science to thee we cry,
Give us something we can fry,
Yours shall be the eternal thanks,
From a world chuck full of cranks.

Here's to the course where they
sweep and they dust,
Where they teach you to cook with-
out getting fussed,
Where luncheons and breakfasts are
served in such style
And each would-be-housewife
Wears such a sweet smile.

Freshette (in H. S. buiding).—"I wonder where the door is?"

Sophette.—"You'll probably see it as you go out."

Miss Br—n, '19.—"Anybody could tell you that N-ll Ev-ns was funny just by looking at her."

Miss F-l-, '19.—"That doesn't sound much like a compliment."

Miss Br-wn.—"Well, what I mean is that you always want to laugh when you see her face."

Professor Brett was lecturing in philosophy on methods of teaching. He asked for the meaning of induction. The answer was "electricity," —which gave him quite a shock.

Riddle:—Why is Prof. Kennedy like a bacteriologist?

Because he's aways looking for the *germs* of our institutions.

I suppose it really is quite correct, but it sounded funny when Prof. Edgar said: "And he rowed out into the lake, *facing* the mountains which were *behind* him.

Prof. DeWitt says every professor is like one of three kinds of pumps.

There is the *spray pump* professor. He simply sprinkles you with a lecture. You drink it or not, as you please.

Then there is the *force pump* professor. That's the kind you find in High Schools.

And, lastly, there is the *suction pump* professor, who, by much pulling, drags out of you what little knowledge you may possess.

Saleslady at Book Bureau.—"Now, is there anything else?"

Miss C-rt-r, '20.—"Yes, 'Ascham.'"

Saleslady (staring wildly about). —"Ask who?"

Miss F-nd-s, '18.—"I've got to write an essay on *Concrete Values in Poetry*."

S. Moote (sympathetically). —"That *is* a *hard* subject."

Prof. Edgar (discoursing on Inspiration).—"Of course, when a man of ordinary intelligence gets worked up he will swear and cuss and bring out a few *good* things."

Dinner after basketball practice. Jean Edington counting those present.—"One, two, three— there are seven of us, and the pudding is *ate*."

Eul. I.—"I'm going to the Royal Alex. to-night. Have you heard whether 'Her Soldier Boy' is good or not?"

Eul. II.—"I don't know. Mine's awfully nice."

Miss L. W-ls-n, '19 (watching tank parade and smiling broadly).

Miss C-ll-ns, '18.—"Whom are you smiling at?"

Miss W-ls-n.—"Can't I smile at the lamp post if I want to?"

Miss C-ll-ns.—"Goodness. Is this what conscription's brought you to?"

How is Miss C-rl-y's adaptation of one of our pet phrases.—"A *Little* dissipation is a dangerous thing."

On the Tennis Courts Mr. Curtis spoiled a perfectly splendid play by hitting his partner on the head.

Prof. Sissons.—"Very bad head work."

Miss Curlette (at prayers just after a dish pan had fallen in the kitchen).—"Let us make a joyful *noise* unto the Lord."

Halfyard.—"I've been in Canada seven years, but I'm not naturalized yet."

MacG-n.—"Is that so? Why, I was naturalized a year after I came."

Blachf-d.—"I know, Alexander, but you're clever."

"And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss."—*Shakespeare.*

Sh-pp-d, 1'8, (to Goldhang, '20, at the breakfast table, on a Monday morning after the night before).—"Where were you all day yesterday, Davie?"

Goldhang (not hearing the question, but knowing one had been aimed at him, replied nonsensically).—"Palm Sunday, you know. Once palm Sunday, always palm Sunday."

H-lfy-d (at Lit., speaking on a matter of precedent).—"Mr. Speaker, I am in a position to know what I'm talking about, in regard to this matter. I've been here *longer* than most of these gentlemen, and never before have I seen such a practice."

Pfeffer (whistling reminiscently to himself after a certain Reception)—"Gee! I like that 'Long, Long, Trail.'"

Miss Ed-gton.—"Don't you think we've got a strong team?"

Miss Flanders.—"Fair, but if we only had Miss Hammil!"

Miss Ed-gton.—"She was a brick."

Miss Sm-th.—"Yes, a real 'rock of ages.'"

Prof. Edgar.—"Now, the queen is the only woman character in King *Edward II.*"

Senior.—"Are you not forgetting the niece?"

Prof. Edgar (parrying).—"Oh, yes, but,—she was only a slight 'figure.'"

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The Gods

I wouldn't swap our places if I had the beggar's cash—
It's truth on oath I'm telling and not an accent rash.
D'you think that I'd perambulate in a honking motor car
And yank a dame to the op'ra house in duds a thousand par?
He's mincing down the aisle by now asteering silken train
And I'm—well I'm still bathing in the percolating rain.
But the line's abbreviating and the box is getting near
I'll pay two bits for a godly seat and see the show—ne'er fear!
Why that poor guy, I'd like to bet, don't get his money's worth;
He's too blamed sure of the ticket's price and soft upholstered berth.
I've had to scrimp for the bit of board and that gives life a spice
When you're never sure the game is yours till it's stowed away on ice.
I'd like to give that blessed bloke a chance to stretch his legs
And race the dizzy flight of steps to mingle with the dregs—
The scum of all beneath the stars and you and me, my friend,
For unless you wear a knock-down tile you've got a lot to mend.
Can you scramble 'cross those wooden backs and cinch the railing row?
You can squint around at rags above and watch the swells below.
Say, that poor dub's a beastly chance to exercise his sight,
He's got to stare at a curtain blank, and patchy, powdered fright.
Now, if he'd wash the pasty mess, I wonder what he'd see,
But he'd sooner live in a shamming set than bow to you and me.
Poor bat-eyed dolt! You don't know half this wriggling world of men;
You have my sympathy, old pig, in private, padlocked pen.
Ten thousand blessings just to hear those noisy scoundrels stamp!
It does my heart a heap of good to catch the dusty tramp.
A thund'ring overture, by jove! Ain't that a decent clap?
The crowd's let loose, to cook the goose of that poor wooden chap.
Why, bless my eyes! he sits precise, like a dainty little pet,
And wouldn't dare to make a stir, for bloomin' etiquette.
Hooroo! The show! They're off, I say. Just hear that newsy toot!
He's not a red to bless himself, but he doesn't give a hoot.
If he can scrape a laugh or two and now and then a thrill
He's precious glad to settle there and pay the blasted bill.
He's not a connoisseur of art, and, sure, guffaws amiss
And 'taint beneath his dignity to pay the villain's hiss;
But 'tween us, now, I'd sooner be that little, ragged shred
Than manufactured stiff below, who's just a trifle dead.
The weepy-weeps and merry mirth are all alike to him:
He's got to sit and act sedate and keep his shirty prim;
And when the living folks below are laughing in a howl,
He roosts down there in cushioned chair like solemn Mr. Owl.
I'll go you one, it isn't nice to show he's got a heart;
It's just polite to sit up tight and never give a start.
The curtain fall! God Save the King! The villain's dead as knob!
Gee whiz! Adown the dizzy steps, a jambling, scrambling mob!
You shove and push, and edge and wedge, perhaps you slip a cog,
Until you're out on soppy walk and fumbling through the fog.
But, bless my soul! You've caught the car, are swaying on the strap.
My eyes! See here! Our tony pair! As if they'd had a nap!
Now, you and me, I'd bet a cent, they'd like to ostracize,
But him and her, I dare aver, they'd better oslerize.
Good-night, old man, and take a tip: Don't hunt the money wads;
If you'd appreciate the show, why scramble to the gods.

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"Mum—ee," ejaculated the infant.

"Yes; Mummy's taking Baby to town." was the fond reply.

"Dad—ee," babbled Baby, accompanied by many spirited gestures of the arms and legs.

"Daddy wants Baby to be a good girl," said Mamma by way of improving the occasion.

Ee—ta," gurgled the Baby after another interval of incoherence.

"Yes, Eaton's—Mummy's taking Baby to see all the dollies and pretty things at Eaton's."

"Ee—ta," echoed Baby.

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December:

14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (*Not later than 14th December*).
15. County Council to pay $500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (*On or before 15th December*).
    Municipal Councils to pay Municipal grants to High School Boards. (*On or before 15th December*).
17. Autumn Model School Final examination begins.
21. English-French Model Schools and Normal Schools (first term) and Autumn Model Schools close.
    High, Continuation, Public and Separate Schools close. (*End 22nd December*).
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (*Tuesday*).
    New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (*Not to take effect before 25th December*).
26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (*Last Wednesday in December*).

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